Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

Among a number of proper and improper things an aldermanic deputation has been asking the Legislature, for is power to make the appointment of auditors "during good behavior" instead of "at the pleasure of the Council." In the first place, no public employee should receive appointment for an indefinite time, which means to them, forever. Public employees should have a period of probation and then receive terms of four, five or six years. There is nothing to prevent them being hired over again if they have behaved themselves. There should be nothing to prevent their discharge at a moment's notice, on proof being produced that they had misbehaved themselves. There are in this city employees of business houses who have held their situations by the week for thirty or forty years. It does not conduce to the best service for an employee of any kind to understand that he has been appointed for life, which is the meaning of "during good behavior." That is the way all our sheriffs and fattest office-holders are appointed. Amongst the whole class, many of them being exemplary men and officials, "good behavior" really means so long as they do nothing that might get them into the penitentiary. When an office gets into the condition of our City Hall, nothing does it more good than to discharge everybody and hire over again only such as are suitable. A man who receives a civic or governmental position has no more right to consider that he may hold it during his natural life, than the drain digger has to expect permanent employment after being hired to help put in a sewer. Nothing more horrifies the Canadian office-holder than the American system of turning people out every once in a while and getting in a fresh lot. They argue that it is conducive to dishonesty, nest-feathering and bad service. I have worked in several American cities, and my newspaper necessities brought me into contact with officials who held office for a term only. I found them more polite, much more industrious and quite as competent as the crowd of "lifers"—half of whom are loafers—pensioned on the cities, provinces and departments of the Dominion.

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A great deal of discussion has taken place over the apparent apathy of the Canadian public. I hold, and I take pleasure in frequently re-iterating my opinion, that it is the result of our appointive system. The prizes are all to be won by serving a party, pandering to corporations, log-rollings and political "funny" work. The man who conscientiously serves the public cannot be rewarded by the public. All it can do for him is, when he dies, to give him a big funeral. Everything else of value has been handed over to the politicians and machine workers in the shape of life appointments, and these are given almost invariably to those who have betrayed the interests of the people. Thus the men of whom the electorate has most reason to be suspicious, are largely those who get the best places and are pensioned for life upon a community which, to a greater or less extent, they have betrayed.

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The clause asking for power to control vagrant bands is an eminently proper one. At present every ragamuffin and swill-fed disturber who has a fife, or other alleged musical instrument and a few unwholesome companions, can go about in the name of religious societies, aggravating other factions and creating disturbances which disgrace the city at home and abroad. If the police had power to suppress these rowdies it would be for the peace of the city and the good name of both Orangeism and Catholicism. Mr. Mowat need not fear that permission given to Toronto to control such matters would be an apparent injustice to the back townships—the latter being the localities apparently always present in the Premier's mind when Toronto wants anything.

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The Ministerial Association this week had a very lively and instructive discussion on what the attitude of the church should be towards worldly amusements. A much broader spirit was manifested by the clerical disputants than we had any particular reason to expect. It was pleasant to see the Scotch brethren clinging with a clannishness perfectly natural, to the old-fashioned Scotch reel and some of the kindred square dances, which would be just as hard to abolish from the code of the Highland church as Calvanism itself. They could not see very much harm in that sort of thing, but with great unanimity they denounced the waltz as having emanated from the "dives" of Paris. There is a great deal of difference in dances and in the way people dance. A man and woman may walk along the street side by side without attracting attention. Others may conduct themselves while doing the same thing so as to be marked by every passerby as lewd and improper characters. There is no doubt that much evil is caused by dancing. There is a great deal of evil done in courting, and yet the Ministerial Association would hardly prohibit the music, the sweet song or two and the spoony hours sometimes prolonged by lovers reluctant to part. People going home from church even have done wrong things, and I once heard a preacher denounce choirs as inventions of the devil, because the basso had left his family and eloped with the soprano. Prayer-meetings have not been free from scandals, and a great many preachers condemn revival services with their strange excitements, as having the same effect as dancing and other exercises in which the emotional nature of weak people is unduly excited. In view of these and a hundred other points which might be enumerated, the moderate tone of the majority of the clergymen seems to me most praiseworthy.

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Rev. Dr. Parsons, however, took a very different line, and referring to round dances he is reported as having said:

"There is not a decent man or woman in this city who would allow a young man to come to their house and take their daughter on his knee and fondle and hug her the way they do in these dances, without kicking him out, yet they allow their daughters to go to these dances with dresses the tops of which are down to their waists, and allow young men to fondle and hug them in their semi-nakedness in a manner which, if it occurred within their own homes, would cause them to call in a policeman."

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I don't know what sort of dances Dr. Parsons has attended, but nothing that I have seen corresponds with his description, excepting possibly that in the Jardin de Paris, a place tourists are apt to visit when doing the continent. If there is any circle in Toronto where young ladies appear in public "with the tops of their dresses down to their waists," it is unknown to the newspapers or the police. Dr. Parsons may have heard of these things but surely he can not have seen them in Canada. Even the Jardin de Paris, or the Jardin Mabille—in the days of their greatest license—never revealed such a section of the feminine form as the doctor, from the report given of his speech, suggests has been common at local dances. And even in a mixed company in a public hall—and as a reporter I have probably seen quite as many as Dr. Parsons has as a clergyman—I never observed any fondling—that is if I know what fondling is. It is usual in those very mixed companies, which contain no section of anything which has a right to call itself good society, to "kick a man out" if he tries to "fondle or hug," as these words are generally understood.

The reverend gentleman has no doubt avoided the many social dances given and attended by members of his congregation and by the good people of other churches, or he would not have conjured up such terrible pictures of the dresses and manners he has heard are prevalent in respectable homes. He may have been bred in the atmosphere of severe Puritanism in New England, but he must know that all of us who are descendants of Anglo Saxon stock—in fact from stock of any sort—cannot go back many generations without finding our mothers in decollette dresses, and it would be a very unpleasant thought that they had gone through the performances he suggests as incidental to a dance. Does he imagine for a moment that the good taste which characterizes the lives of those who are esteemed respectable and cultured is entirely forgotten, and the restraints of propriety abandoned the moment a waltz "pulses out its sensuous song?" Can he conceive of parents who love their daughters as dearly as non-dancers love theirs, permitting their children to undergo the degradation he describes? Parents would be mad indeed to permit and encourage that which, if his description is within a league of the truth, is not only dangerous but indisputably indecent. Everything points to the fact that Rev. Dr. Parsons has exceeded the facts in his not unusual determination to cap the climax, no matter what the climax may be.

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He told of a lady who went out to teach a class in the Mercer Reformatory, but the girls would not listen to her because they and she had gone to the same dancing school together. "She was as bad as they were," they said, "only she had a home and they had none." It would be a very odd coincidence if the Mercer Reformatory happened to contain a whole dancing class, as the women gathered up there are from all parts of the province, and it would be very odd indeed that they should recognize a christian teacher as a fellow student at a terpsichorean academy. She might have met one girl who told the rest, but unless the doctor has been misreported the whole incident is a very improbable one. "There is no public dance either in this or any other city," said the doctor, "even in the highest society, in which the ladies present are not discussed by the gentlemen, when they get together by themselves, in the most licentious way. I was once unconverted and attended these dances. I know what the men talk about, and I say the whole tendency of the modern dance is towards licentiousness. I don't care whether it is public or private." The doctor has had the misfortune to know a very peculiar variety of "gentlemen." I, too, was once unconverted—the Ministerial Association doubtless reckon me as still badly unsaved—and attended dances, though I cannot say I was a good dancer, and if my memory serves me right, when the men got together they talked about who was a good dancer and who was not, sometimes spoke of pretty women and pretty dresses, but nasty things were no more common in conversation than in other places where it is possible for dirty-talking men to have a chance to make themselves obnoxious. In fact, I never heard anything worse than the things I have quoted from the report of the Ministerial Association.

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What these clerical gentlemen forget is, that dancing is an artistic thing. Well done, it is a graceful and beautiful thing. Those who dance do not think of themselves entirely. There is a crowd of other dancers, the music, the keeping or the changing of step, and the mind instead of being sodden with thoughts born of the contiguity of sexes, is elated with the music, alert to do well that which is being done, and is otherwise occupied by such thoughts as are supposed to belong to well regulated people. The mistake made by the gentlemen who have been so extreme in their expressions, is one very likely to be made by those who stand and watch that which appears to them meaningless, if not naughty. The association's view of theater-going was no wider than of dancing, in both cases absence of information being all that was the matter with the speakers. Maybe a little charity was lacking as well.

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Professor Goldwin Smith's book on Canada and the Canadian Question is being sprung upon this country a little bit at a time. As if it would be very strong medicine to take all at once, we first hear of its existence, are permitted to smell the cork, and are then given a spoonful or two before the bottle is entrusted to our infant hands. The last instalment of Professor Goldwin Smith's opinion of the country he lives in and the people who have furnished him so much to write about, appears in the *Mail* and *Globe*, which papers congratulate themselves on being able to print what the distinguished writer thinks. Unlike Edward Blake, Professor Goldwin Smith is well understood in this country. More than once we have been told his opinion; more than once he has seen fit to change it. The greatest novelty now would be a book by Canada on Professor Goldwin Smith.

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So great is Professor Goldwin Smith's power of expression and so charming the diction with which he says those things with which we are perfectly well acquainted, that what he writes cannot fail to have a large number of readers even in this country where we have had the old pudding warmed up in the new cloth so very often. It is not entirely pleasant for the Canadian to have himself watched and described, and his emotions and habits catalogued as if he were a new kind of bug, but it is rather interesting to note how each pamphlet and book issued by this distinguished writer, discovers something new in what we have done or are likely to do. The book should have a very wide circulation, as really everything in it might apply to the whole world, as well as to Canada. However, this is enough with regard to the spoonful. We Canadians may be permitted to feed ourselves from the bottle shortly, which, by the way, is two dollars this time, unless, with his usual philanthropy, the learned author issues a cheap edition, so as to place it within reach of the diseased classes.

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The treatment the Canadian Ministers received at Washington was very astonishing. After High Commissioner Tupper having prepared the way, the Canadians seem to have received very scant courtesy. Nor is the excuse offered one likely to obtain credence. President Harrison knows no more about treaty-making than his cook does. I may be wrong, but the whole unpleasant business seems like the result of the work done by the Liberal party prior to and during the elections. They doubtless want a good chance to thresh the whole thing out in parliament where, if they can obtain a majority by one means or other, they mean to do it. Mr. Blaine is giving them a chance. If they fail to capture the house he may listen to the commissioners who visit him, though just how a self-respecting country can renew negotiations after the past experience, is hard to define. We may expect Yankee pressure to be put on this country in the meantime, directed by those editors and politicians who would rather obtain office than have Canada prosperous. Fortunately we are by no means dependent upon our neighbor, though Uncle Sam has been taught to believe that we live upon his smile and are nourished by his kindness. In the life of the individual nothing so develops strength and self-reliance as adverse surroundings, and Canada needs but a few years of enforced isolation to teach her the inherent strength and resources of the northern zone to which these provinces have given name.

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The Mowat government has surprised no one by assuming control of the school inspectors in cities and towns. It is but a part of its policy of usurping the functions of the municipalities. In the past election High School teachers, inspectors of all sorts and manner of people took a part, for it was largely a fight to maintain the Public School system of Ontario, and interested educationalists quite as much as any one else. The Ontario government has arranged the whisky business so that the greater part of the revenue shall come to the province instead of the municipalities, and that all the power shall be in the hands of the provincial bosses. It has been pointed out that the school system is being conducted in the same manner, and that by and by anyone connected with the Public Schools will be as fearful of punishment as saloon-keepers now are, if they have a political belief of their own. The change is no doubt aimed at Inspector Hughes of Toronto. His action may have been unwise, but if Toronto saw fit to suffer it cannot be, to a very great extent, Mr. Mowat's business. Nor can we believe that Mr. Mowat and his colleagues are consumed by a desire for the non-sectarian administration of the office, when we find them appointing special Catholic inspectors for Separate Schools and fostering the Separate School idea to the detriment of the entire school system of the province. Separate School inspectors were appointed on the plea that such violent Protestants as Mr. Hughes would be unfit to inspect Catholic schools. Now that

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the government controls all the inspectors, will they abolish the special Separate School inspectors—men who superintend schools supported by local taxation, and report, not to the taxpayer, but to the general government? The move just made is intended not for the good of the schools but for the strength of the party, and is another blow at Toronto's self-government. It would not have been surprising to have found Mr. Mowat passing a bill giving the office of school inspector in this city to one of his sons. It is said that one of them needs it. Hitherto he has needed no other argument for creating a fat office for incompetent offspring.

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Mr. Meredith in advocating the election of High School trustees by the people, showed himself to be thoroughly in sympathy with those communities which are sufficiently interested in higher education to be the supporters of collegiate institutes. Here in Toronto some High School trustees are men well worthy of the positions they occupy. Others are nobodies who could not be elected to scrape the streets. We need a change, and one which will give the people power to punish wrong-headedness and subdue the tendency to treat the High School Board as if it were a place to put ward heelers and old grannies who have helped some one to get office, and demand a reward of some sort.

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I have seen no prettier compliment to Mr. W. R. Meredith, Q C., than the enormously large vote cast for him by the members of the Law Society. He headed the list, and of the one thousand and thirty-eight votes cast, he received nine hundred and thirty-nine, there being, apparently, but ninety-nine lawyers in the whole province who did not desire to see him occupy the place which he so well deserved. When it is recollected that the lowest man elected received but three hundred and eighty-one votes, the compliment is still more conspicuous.

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Do not forget the horse show in the Shaw street rink on Saturday (to-day), from 1.30 to five, and from seven to ten. It is in aid of the Children's Fresh Air Fund, and thus both the show and its object deserve recognition. Mr. Grand promises to make it interesting, and he not only knows how, but has a stock of horses such as never before were put into a Toronto ring.

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Of Barnum, the great, there is little need to say much. Everybody knew Barnum, for he and Henry Ward Beecher were the two best known men in America, General Grant being next. It is unjust to associate the nickname "humbug" with his. The difference between Barnum and the noble army of caterers for the public in the other noisy and vaunting professions lay, as Oliver Ramble says, "chiefly in this—he gave his patrons fair warning; the others take you in and do for you without giving you a chance." These include writers, players, doctors, orators, and the whole tricky tribe of alleged public edifiers. Barnum's superlatives have been eye-openers in more senses than one. A wonderful man he has been, and would have been whatever line he had drifted into. What a magnificent politician he would have made. Uncle Sam might have wheedled every monarch out of his crown and trotted them around the circus of Washington had Barnum been a politician.

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The killing of the Mafians at New Orleans reminds me of an incident related to me by a Westerner whose name, where he lived, was the synonym of honor, courage and all those kindly graces which make a man a lovable neighbor and friend. He was visiting me, and having some friends in to meet him, I suggested that he tell us some of his adventures. He smiled as he remarked, in his low-toned, drawling way, that he "wasn't one of the Western fellers who had adventures." I dropped the subject, but the balance of the company were loath to leave without hearing a story, and kept on hinting for a description of this and that until his patience must have been sorely tried. Finally I ventured: "Say, Jim, were you ever at a lynching?" He looked at me with surprise, and I stood rebuked when he answered, with sententious disregard of grammar, "Lynching is something to be did, not talked, least wise out our way!"

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When we were alone that evening he opened the subject with a half apology for being so abrupt. "I don't mind telling you about western things, for you understand. You have lived out there, but I couldn't sit and tell a lot of eastern people anything interesting. They would think I was bragging or trying to stuff them." I can appreciate his reticence, for the frontiersman who has the least to tell is the greatest braggart in telling it. After a pipe or two and what with him was an unusual indulgence, a glass of whisky and water, he volunteered to tell me about a lynching he was at. "It might be good to write up some day," he suggested, "but if you ever use it leave my name and everybody else's out of it." As to any names but his, I am quite conscientious in saying I couldn't give them if I tried. The locality was somewhere in the neighborhood of Montana or Idaho on the line of the old northern overland stage. The rest of the affair, as nearly as I can recollect it, is the story he told me in his quiet drawling way.

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"The ranches got right thick along the river, and quite a little town was starting up around the stage station. I settled there when there wasn't a neighbor within forty miles. We had no trouble then, but what with rustlers around the saloon and gamblers coming in and going out and a half-a-dozen worthless ranchmen in the foothills, things had got pretty bad. We had got a school started and I was trying to get things in shape, but the best folks who came there to settle went away; said that "life and property wa'n't safe." Along towards dark one night, half-a-dozen fellers came to my place and said something would have to be done. They were of the right kind, and I said I guessed so. They asked me if I would join in. I said certainly, anything that was right. Each of them said he would bring another man. Next morning a dozen of us rode over to Ben Hudson's place. Ben was the superintendent of a section of the stage road and bought horses and things for the company. I guess he always did right enough by them that hired him, but he was the worst man there was around them diggings. He was known to have killed five men, and boasted of having killed nine. It was always done in a cowardly way, too. Yet no one ever had took it up. Some was scared of him, others sort of guessed it wa'n't none o' their business. He was a big feller, quick with his gun, was a terrible hand to swear and somehow had got people kind of terrorized for a hundred miles both sides of the station. When we got over to his place half of our crowd stayed outside behind the ranch, the other half rode up, picketed our horses and went in. Ben had just got up, and as he lived alone he was getting his breakfast. We sat around on boxes and things. Ben got out a whisky bottle and asked us to take something. He had no arms on and so as he put the bottle down on the table, our spokesman told him that he guessed we wouldn't join in a drink seein' as we'd come there to hang him. Ben laughed and said a lynching party needed a drink worse than any other kind. Three of us was sitting on the bed and was between him and his guns, but he never thought for a minute that it was anything but a joke. "Well, I will take a drink myself," said he. When he took the bottle away from his mouth he saw that we all had our shooters drawn a kind of careless like, and our spokesman said, "We mean business, Ben. You have got just ten minutes to live. Anything you have got to do or say'd better be did up quick." He laughed again but mighty uneasy like. "Quit your fooling, boys," he said. "It is too early in the morning for joking."

"Yes," said our spokesman, "but it isn't too early for hanging. You have got just nine minutes now, Ben." Then he began to swear, by everything holy, if we kept up the joke any longer he would get even with us.

"Only eight minutes now. Don't you think you had better do a little praying or something?"

"Praying be damned," he said. "I am not scared of you fellers," and there was a perfect torrent of the worst cuss words I ever heard.

"Seven minutes now," our feller broke in, but it didn't stop the profanity and the bragging. But Ben was beginnin' to take it in earnest. He said he had always been good to us joinin' in the hunts, helpin' us out, and he couldn't see what we wanted to kill him for. If we wanted to do any lynching why didn't we take Red Pete Murphy and make an example of him!

"Six minutes," was all the answer any of us gave him, and then "five minutes," and I said that we calculated to hang murderers first and wind up with the horse thieves later on. Then he begun to beg, said if he'd killed anybody it had been in self-defence and he'd donevere to keep down horse thievin' than the whole lot of us.

"Just four minutes now," said the feller by the door. Ben was pale as a ghost and his rough black beard stuck out of his sallow skin, just like black feathers sticking in lard. He got down on his knees and crawled over to where I sat on the bed, beggin' like a dog. It was kind of tough to sit there and watch the great big coward as he promised that if we would let him off he would crawl out of the county on his hands and knees and never come back any more.

"Three minutes." When Ben heard that he dropped down right at my feet and licked my boots with his tongue and hollered for mercy. It kind of made me sick, but I didn't pay much attention. I was watchin' for him to jump up and try to grab his gun from over my head. I could hear the watch tickin' that the feller held over by the door. Ben crawled from one feller to the other, and of all the sounds that a man ever let out of him, I never heard nothin' to compare with his beseechin's.

"Just one minute. You'd better try to pray a little, Ben." He tried to get up on to his feet, but he couldn't until I helped him. His eyes were hanging out, his face was all over dirt where he had been crying, and his lips were drawed back and showed his teeth just like a skeleton. I gave him a drink out the bottle but he couldn't swallow it and nearly fell down while we was tyin' his hands. After we put him on the horse he kept hollerin' about his mother and sisters and gaspin', but we all recollected that the fellers he had killed had had mothers and sisters too, though I admit it was pretty tough to listen to his ravin's. After we got the rope round his neck and tied to a limb and hit the horse a crack with a quirt, he dropped just like a bag o' bran. We turned and gave him a volley and rode off, but even if we were lynchers I don't think there was one of us lost a wink of sleep over it, though Ben Hudson was only one of seven that was hanging on the trees before next morning."

"Were they all murderers, Jim?"

"Yes," he says, "every one of them except Red Pete Murphy, and he was suspected of bein' that, besides bein' known as the worst horse thief on the river. I tell you we had law and order round there after that, but I suppose eastern people hearin' about it would think we were a lot of bloodthirsty cut-throats, when you know just as well as I do that a party of vigilantes never go out after a man without knowin' what it is for and believin' it to be right. I don't think it is a bit worse than sittin' on a jury, though as I said before, it is somethin' we never talk about."

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I hope my readers won't think this very horrible. The man who told it was one of my best friends. A kinder-hearted, a more thoroughly upright gentleman never lived. He has been the leader of the uncultured society in which he was born, in every locality where he has ever lived. A more affectionate father and considerate husband could not be found, and I for one always feel that he has done as much in his day to civilize the west as any judge who ever sat in a territorial court.

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Mrs. Myserlee—Oh, my dear Mr. Wings, you really can't go home in this terrible storm. Do stay and take supper with us.

Wings—Thank you; but it's really not so bad as all that.

Social and Personal.

What the French call a "bad quarter of an hour," is that passed in the dressing-room before the ball. You know how it begins, when you enter the crowded room amid the frou frou of silk, the flash of jewels and the still more flashing glances of a dozen pairs of observant eyes. And you know your feet are large in their protecting overshoes, and your gown is a camel's hump, and your bare arms and mittened hands are the ugliest things out and in, and you look about for the attendant Phyllis to come to your rescue and take you out of your shell, and you see her struggling with the Cinderella slipper and the proud sister's foot, and you begin yourself to unwind your fascinator, and as you raise your arms high to lift it from the cockade of dainty plumes that towers proudly over your coiffure, crack! goes something behind, and as Sothern would say, "Thee's spolled Oi." And the spoliation goes further as you struggle out of your wrap and try to reach your toes. And someone glances cornerwise at you with the faintest quiver of her pretty lips, and a sweet whisper comes sympathetically to you as you puff and blow. And Phyllis succeeds in forcing the proud sister's foot into its straitened limits, and it is your turn to command her, and your guardian angel in tulle with the gentle voice pins up your rent laces, and murmurs soft words of reassurance, and finally you are clothed and in your right mind and hurry out to meet the man that owes you who awaits your tardy coming, wondering what on earth you find to do in there all that time, and why don't you dress at home, little wotting, happy black bird, of the woes of that *mauvais quart d' heure.*

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The Hon. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson received at Eustlawn, Thursday evening of last week, and Toronto's fashionable folk enjoyed a most delightful party. The mildness of the temperature made of the curtained veranda, most comfortable sitting-out corners, while the polished floors and sweet music within tempted one back to the dance. I noticed one little gown that seemed to me the very prettiest. It was a satin slip veiled with full breadths of tulle, and down the left side hung a wide chatelaine of apple blossoms, while the edge of the airy frock was bordered with a thick hem of the same dainty blooms. Given this spring-like garniture and a lovely April face, and you'd wish as I did, to look at it long and often. Among the guests I saw Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson of Niagara, Mr. Percy and Miss Gussie Hodgins, Mrs. M. C. Cameron of Goderich, Colonel, Miss and Mrs. W. Milligan, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Bunting, Miss McMurchy, Mrs. Bain and Mrs. Barwick.

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The musicale and dance given by the Wednesday Musical Club at Upper Canada College on Friday was successful, both as to the performers and the audience. The latter thronged the large lecture room, and the former presented several delicious *morceaux* in an acceptable manner. While one does not dare to criticize an amateur performance, may one not mention the charming song rendered so beautifully by Miss MacCallum, and the 'cello solo of Miss Littlehales? Mrs. Dickson received the guests of the evening at the doors of the lecture hall, gowned in a quaint robe of old rose silk. With her bright, clever face and original coiffure, she might have stepped out of an old book of beauty of the time of Washington. The dance afterward was, to say the least of it, a little crowded. Six square feet for the lancers doesn't give much room for graceful balancing. It was, however, a bright, successful evening, and we all enjoyed it. The proceeds amounted to five hundred dollars.

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Among those present were Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Misses Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. and Miss Burns, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Dr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mrs., Miss and Mr. Boultbee, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. G. W. and Miss Ross, Warden and the Misses Massie, Dr. and Miss Trotter, Mrs. and Miss Blake, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Dr. and Mrs. Atchison, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Messrs. J. and C. Moss, Mrs. John Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher, Mrs. Goulding, Prof., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. C. Hirschfelder, Mr. Lawson of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. George McMurrich, Mr. Bryce McMurrich, Mr. W. and the Misses Lees, Drs. Lehman, Thistle, Chambers and Canes, the Misses Caldwell of Lanark, Miss Smelley of Fergus, the Misses Teefy of Richmond Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Earles, Miss Kerr, Mr. Jackson Sanford, Mr. and Miss Robinson, Mr. and Miss Littlehales, Mr. Frank Fearman and the Misses Cummings of Hamilton.

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Mr. C. Hirschfelder has returned from Kentucky.

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Mr. Charles Catto has taken passage on the Umbria for next month.

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Mr. S. F. McKinnon has returned from Florida. He looks much benefited by his trip.

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Prof. Clark of Trinity College gave a luncheon on Monday. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley, Mrs. Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. John Cartwright.

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Mr. John R. Arnoldi of Ottawa was in town this week.

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Mr. A. A. Allan has returned from Jamaica. The ocean voyage has quite restored his health.

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Canon Osler's congregation at York Mills gave a successful concert on Tuesday evening.

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The Grenadiers' third assembly was held on Thursday evening at Webb's assembly rooms. The success of these assemblies has been such as to greatly please our gallant defenders and hosts. The reunion was too late for extended notice this week.

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Wednesday evening a musical and dramatic entertainment was given in the Auditorium by the Catholic Association. The large audience received it with enthusiasm.

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The Army and Navy Veterans hold their annual grand concert in the Auditorium on Tuesday, April 21.

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Samedi dernier, les Hiboux se sont reunis dans l'elegant maison de Mme. Proctor, rue Grenville. La soiree a ete ravissante, et chacun est parti enchante. Certaines membres de la reunion ont continue a perscnifier certaines types Europees et Americains.

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Mlle. Hamilton revetue d'un classique costume de Quakeress est venue d'abord celebrer la vie de calme et d'amities menee pas ces enemis de la guerre. Ensuite, Mlle. Ellis, sous les traits d'une Italienne a ravi l'auditoire par la facon charmante dont elle a detaille un morceau ecrit par la circonstance par M. Coutellier. Puis est venue le tour de M. Rowan et M. Meyer. L'un a parfaitement declame une poesie de Victor Hugo—et l'autre a recite, tres bien—ma foi! une composition de Fr. Coppee. Apres avoir repris des forces, grace a un excellent toupet, l'on s'est separe, en se donnant rendez sous pour le jendi suivant chez Mlle. Hamilton, rue Jarvis.

* * *

Mr. Alfred O. Tate, manager of the laboratory, of T. A. Edison, Orange, N. J., and family, are the guests of R. F. Tate, C. E., 280 Crawford street.

* * *

Dr. Kertland sails for Europe on the 29th of this month.

* * *

Mrs. Irving Cameron gives a tea on Tuesday next.

* * *

Mrs. E. H. Duggan gave a dance on Thursday, April 2 Her pretty residence on Willcock street received some of Toronto's most charming people.

* * *

Business and pleasure were combined at Mrs. Dickson's tea at Upper Canada College on Wednesday afternoon. The ladies who disposed of tickets for the musicale made their returns to Mrs. Jackson, and then with a load removed from minds and purses, mingled with the happy crowd who discussed ice cream and the success of the Friday night's programme. The tea was extremely enjoyable, and the sterner sex held their own in point of numbers.

* * *

Among other old Upper Canada College boys who frisked about the hall on Friday night, was Hon. John Beverley Robinson. His name is among the first of the pupils enrolled sixty years ago.

* * *

The final session of the Wednesday Reading Club will take place on Wednesday next at 7 Selby street. Subject, Dress Reform and Physical Culture.

* * *

On Friday, April 3, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall entertained the following friends at dinner: Col. F. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Major Vidal, Capt. Brock, Miss Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baines, Capt. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol. In the evening a number of young people assembled and a pleasant dance and supper led into the wee sma' hours.

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

Hard work is now the order of the day, and many are the devices resorted to for strengthening weak intellects and arousing dormant faculties. Many students are deserting their office stools and "sporting their oaks." While others are getting up early, and staying up late, the former plan is by far the preferable one, as it is no use trying to read law parrot fashion. You must have your mind clear and be able to comprehend intelligently the close reasoning of the old authorities who have been laying down the law for centuries; and a quarter of an hour with your head clear is worth an hour after you once get muddled.

The postponement of the examinations till the beginning of June has been commented upon considerably, and not always favorably. Although it gives more time for preparation, still it keeps a man at high pressure a month longer than anticipated, and there is, consequently, a certain danger of getting a little over-trained. However, it is generally agreed that this danger is reduced to a minimum, for obvious reasons.

The practice of taking forty winks during lecture is not nearly so fashionable as it was earlier in the course, and is beginning to be looked upon with disfavor, even by the lecturers. A rather laughable case in point, took place during one of Mr. Armour's lectures on Real Property last week. One of the class, who had probably risen early that morning, or more probably still had stayed up late the night before, was overcome by the drowsy god, and like most people under similar circumstances, was unable to keep due control of either his facial muscles or his respiratory organs, in short, his nose. There he sat, with his mouth open and his head thrown back, the very picture of helpless imbecility, punctuating with his snores the indubitable deductions laid down by the learned lecturer in a manner doubtless very satisfactory to that gentleman, and certainly intensely gratifying to the remainder of the class, who were by no means backward in placing their nasal organs at his disposal when his own powers seemed in danger of failing to do full justice to the occasion. However, when the roll was about to be called, he returned from the land of dreams to answer his name, when the following dialogue took place:

The lecturer—Mr. M—

Mr. M.—Here, sir!

The lecturer—Sorry to break in upon your slumbers, Mr. M——, but, as you are aware, the roll has to be called.

Needless to say, Mr. M—— accepted the apology, so gracefully tendered, in silence, but amid general jubilation. LEX.

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Boudoir Gossip.

HAVE you a friend who knows too much? I have such an one. After I have talked to him and listened to him for an hour or two, I come away with a sense of intellectual tipsyness, over-indulgence in draughts of the Hyperion spring, then gradually sober up, gloating over and gathering together the spoils of that interview until, like the toper, my system craves the stimulant again, and I go for another spree!

He hurt my feelings one day lately, and I haven't been near him since. It was by a small scrap of insincerity; he believed himself, but I knew he was telling tarradiddles. "After all," he said, "books are the truest friends! They never change to you, never disappoint you. Give me books and you may take your people to Jericho." And I paused, first of all, to think how disagreeable that sounded, and then I asked myself: What are books Aren't they the output of men and women, soul of their soul, dream of their dream. They don't grow like cabbages, or up end themselves like mountains, and I saw a hole as large as a laugh in my wise one's cynicism. And I wished some wicked things about him, that he might have a bilious attack, and need the carefullest kind of nursing, and that I might go to him and hand him Boswell's life of Johnson, or Dante's Inferno to comfort and console his liver; or if it were neuralgia, or even poor ubiquitous *grippe*, I might unload a Tennyson or a Carlyle upon him, and not even suggest the soothing hand or the comforting care of a living sympathizing being. Books are all very well in their place, and so are brains, but I'd like a little heart in mine, crusty comrade!

Some one has sent in the following. It is, at any rate, original:

The mowy cloth in spotless order set,
Swathed modestly the breakfast table's leg,
When at my side, the serving maiden left
A cream white Easter egg!
I broke the fair deception, eagerly,
Alas, (if I disgust—your grace I beg)—
Rank odors rose, and chased me far away
From that stale Easter egg!

"I always divide people into two classes," I heard a clever young foreigner assert the other day. "First, there are those who are eager to learn—to improve, to study new, useful or ornamental subjects—who know a little, and wish to know more; who are ever ready to work pretty hard that they may add to their store of head and hand knowledge. Second, there are those who neither learn, nor teach, nor wish for knowledge, but who spend their time in ridiculing and disparaging all who set them a better example, discouraging them in a cruel and wicked way, unless they are hardened to an unusual degree against comment and ridicule."

Some specimens of the former class may be seen at the school of dressmaking, College street, where a number of bright women have been puckering their brows and pricking their fingers, and with serious faces and flushed cheeks, essaying to fashion dainty garments after the manner of the finished modiste. And how happy the results in some cases! I have seen these charming creations proudly displayed by those smiling workwomen as "all made by me." And their naïve pleasure was the pleasantest sight.

Among many lost opportunities which stand ever in the way of success, surely most reproachful stands the lost chances of learning something which we have, through carelessness or indolence, or want of appreciation, allowed to slip through our fingers.

And false and vicious was the reasoning of one who answered the statement quoted above, by asserting that it was this thirst after knowledge which lost our race its Paradise.

"What do you expect to do with all your learning in heaven?" said the noodle to the sage. "Enjoy it and add to it," said the latter, with a flashing eye. This seems rather tall talk to follow the very earthly occupation noticed above, but the principle holds good.

I have a funny little tale to tell you of an Easter bonnet. The girl who ordered it didn't hesitate between buttercups and violets and cowslips, as so many of you did this year. No, her order was decided and full of suggestion—"orange blossoms." She was a plain, honest country girl, and she was accompanied by a younger sister, whose dimpled cheeks and sparkling eyes made still more homely the bride elect's honest face. One day last week she came sorrowfully back to the milliner with the Easter bonnet in its box, just as it had been sent. Her eyelids red with weeping and her lips a-quiver, she said tremulously: "Will you take it back? I didn't need it." "Oh, certainly," said the woman, in a tone full of sympathy. "Shall I make you another? Yes, we always exchange in case of a death." "It's worse than death. He's—been—and run away—with—my sister!" sobbed the jilted one, with a burst of tears. And they laughed, those heartless milliners, and I laughed too.

Our sisters on the other side of the line are stirring women. I saw in an exchange a few days ago, that in a certain city they had begun an agitation against expectoration in public places on the plea of its unhealthiness, not to the actor but to his neighbors. I think it is about as funny an idea as that of the Irish hotel waiter who, being cautioned to insist upon careless guests using spittoons, made a descent upon an inoffensive non-expectorator with an order to "Spit, or I'll report yer!"

An eager protest comes from a sister scribe against the new fashion of lengthened skirts. Really, after a double decade of cleanly shortened garments it does seem a backward step, and when one has just gotten one's daintiest patent tipped spring boots, isn't it too bad to have to cover them up? What large-footed dame is responsible for the new fashion?

I found a lady's purse the other day, and on opening it I was reminded of the traditional "little boy's pocket." I found four car tickets, a pencil, a glove buttoner, a sample of silk, one of cashmere, an end of wool, three buttons, a street car whistle, a tiny tablet with a mirror on its back, two receipted bills, four coppers, a dime and a dollar bill, and the lady's card. Thanks to the forethought which placed the latter in this distended carry-all, I have been able to restore to madame her heterogeneous property.

Little straws show whence blows the wind, the lowly actions show the soul's standing, the peasantry, not the nobility, characterizes the country, the daily meeting or evading little duties stamps the hero or the coward. Oh, all ye little stings and little worries, bringing little tears and little wrinkles! Oh, all ye little loving words and smiles that bind the hearts of men and women with a million tiny cords in union that will not break! Let us be watch and guard and think much of "little things!"

As I came down Jarvis street this morning I smiled a very wide smile at the spectacle of a water cart from which the water refused to run. The driver was trying to open up the holes of the sprinkler with a wire, but the contents of the cart were evidently of a consistency which needed straining, and one couldn't help feeling a new pang in addition to all the old ones that await one in the daily papers anent the beverage of our best and dearest. "But really, you know, when it won't run from a water cart it's putting it on rather thick, don't you know," said an amused young person of the opposite sex.

"In woman's discovery of her ability to be independent, self-supporting and self-sufficing, and in her wish to work for humanity and not for one man, her desire for marriage has lessened." Isn't that a dreadful sentence, girls? But the worst of it is that it is not true. Many a bored and longing creature has plunged into matrimony with a wild desire for change—any kind of variety, though it might only be out of the frying pan into the fire. And for such unworthy and unhappy reason has stood in all temerity and vowed love, honor and obedience to her refuge from ennui. No one knows it but herself—this reason for her wedding ring, but I for one dare to say that it is very seldom the wish to work for one man, that buds the orange blossoms. LADY GAY.

The Dude's Diary.

A.M.
8.00—Woke.
8.05—Dozed.
8.24—Yawned.
8.25—Rose.
8.30—Dressed.
9.00—Breakfasted.
10.00—Walked.
10.15—Talked.
11.00—Cigarette.
11.15—Sick.
11.17—Better.
11.19—Lemonade.
11.45—Dressed.
P.M.
12.30—Lunched.
2.30—Drove.
6.00—Dressed.
7.00—Dined.
8.00—Talked.
9.30—Mashed.
10.10—Proposed.
10.10½—Rejected.
10.23—Drank.
11.04—Drunk.
A.M.
1.00—Disrobed. (Forgot to.)
1.00—Retired.
1.01—Slept.

He Deserved It.

Daughter—Papa, I want a new dress.

Papa—Always dresses, dresses! You don't seem to have a thought for anything higher than dresses!

Daughter—Yes, I have. I also want a new hat.—*Tit Bits.*

Precaution.

Countess—Make the pocket in this dress unusually hard to find.

Worth—Oui, madame.

Countess—The count my father bought for me is an early riser, and I can't sleep with my pocket under my head.

Hard to Please.

Boarder—Have you any boneless shad, madam?

Landlady—No, sir.

Boarder—Very well, madam; I don't care for any more of the shadless bone.—*Washington Star.*

True to His Faith.

"I don't want any castor oil," said the sick little Boston boy petulantly.

"Why, Horace," expostulated his mother, "don't you know that castor oil is made from beans?" and the little boy, whose faith in his mother is perfect, took the dose and feebly asked for more.—*The Independent.*

The Worm Turned.

He had finished his introductory remarks, and was about to propose, when he discovered that his proposal would be treated with contempt.

"I was about to say, Miss Hilder," he continued, "that I am aware that the human heart, especially a woman's, is a delicate thing, and I come to-night to correct a wrong impression which you have been under for some time, I think. To be plain, Miss Hilder, because I do not wish to cause you future suffering, let me state that I have never cared enough for you to ask you to link your lot with mine, therefore do not think that I can return the love you bear for me. My attentions to you have been prompted purely by a friendly feeling, nothing more. But I trust this will not mar our friendly relations," he said, taking his hat to go, "for remember, you will ever have in me a true friend. Be assured I will always be a nephew to you."

And she was so dumb with surprise and anger that she didn't say good-bye to him when he bowed himself out.—*Boston Herald.*

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"AND I WAS HERS, TO LIVE OR TO DIE."

Between Reading and Oxford there is a river side village, of which the fashionable world has as yet taken scant notice. It lies beyond the scene of the great river carnivals, and the boats that even yet a strange apparition beside those willowy shores. There is an old church with its square tower and picturesque graveyard placed at a bend of the river, where the stream broadens into a shallow bay. The church, a straggling row of old world cottages, with over hanging thatch and low walls, half hidden under roses, honeysuckle, and Virginia creeper, cottages whose gardens are gorgeous in the vivid coloring of old fashioned flowers; a general shop, which is also the post office; and a rustic butcher's, with veranda and garden, constitute the village. The rectory nestles close beside the church, and the rectory garden runs over into the churchyard, long trails of banksia roses straggling across the low stone wall which divides the garden of the living from the garden of the dead. The churchyard is one of the prettiest in England, for the old rector has cared for it and loved it during his five and thirty years' incumbency, and nowhere are the roses lovelier or the veronicas finer than at that quiet resting place by the river.

The land round about belongs to a man of old family, who is rich enough to keep his estate unspoiled by the speculating builder, and who would as soon think of cutting off his right hand as of cutting up the meadows he scampered over on his boyhood's holiday into eligible building plots, or of breaking through the tall, tangled hedges of hawthorn and honeysuckle to make new roads for the erection of semi-detached villas. In a word, Lowcombe is still the country pure and simple, unsullied by one touch of the vulgar suburban or the shoddy Queen Anne style which mark the architecture of this closing century.

On the brink of the Thames, and about fifteen minutes' walk from Lowcombe village, there is an old fashioned cottage, humble as to size and elevation, but set in so exquisite a garden that the owner of a palace might envy it possessor a retreat so fair in its rustic seclusion.

Here, in the middle of August, when the second crop of roses were in their fullest beauty, a young couple whose antecedents and belongings were unknown to the inhabitants of Lowcombe, had set up their modest menage of a man and two maids, a gardener, a dingby, and a skiff.

The village folks troubled themselves very little about these young people, who paid their bills weekly; but the few gentilities in the parish of Lowcombe were much exercised in mind about a couple who never sent letters of introduction, and who might, or might not, be an acquisition to the neighborhood. The fact that Mr. Hanley was alleged to have bought the house he lived in and forty acres of meadow land attached thereto, gave him a certain status in the parish, and made the question as to whether Mr. and Mrs. Hanley should or should not be called upon a far more serious problem than it would have been in the case of an annual tenant, or even a leaseholder.

"Nobody seems to have heard of these Hanleys," said Miss Malcolm, a Scottish spinster, who prided herself on her family respectability, to Mrs. Donovan, an Irish widow, who was swollen with the importance that goes with income rather than with blood. "If the man was a good family surely some of us must have heard of him before now. Lady Isabel, who goes to London every season, thinks it very curious that we should never have met this Mr. Hanley in society."

"Old Banks was asking an extortionate rent for the Rosary and it stood empty," said Mrs. Donovan, "so the man must have money."

"Mad in trade, I daresay," speculated Miss Malcolm, whereat the widow, whose husband had made his fortune as a manufacturer and exporter of Irish brogues, reddened angrily. It was painful to remember in the autumnal dolce far niente of her declining years, that the name of Donovan was stamped upon millions of boots in the old world and the new, and that the famous name was still being stamped by the present proprietor.

Finally, after a good deal of argument, it was decided at a tea party which included the elite of the parish, with the exception of the rector, that until Mr. Muschatt, of Muschatt's Court, had called upon the new people at the Rosary, no one else should call. Whatever was good in the eyes of Muschatt, whose pedigree could be traced without a break to Canute and Edward the Confessor, must be good for the rest of the parish.

And while the village Agora debated their social fate, what of this young couple? Were they languishing for the coming of afternoon callers, pining for the sight of strange faces, and unfamiliar names upon a silver tray of visiting cards? Were they nervously awaiting the village verdict as to whether they were or were not to be visited? Not they! Perhaps they hardly knew that there was any world outside that garden by the river, and that undulating stretch of pasture where the fine old timber gave to meadow land an almost park like dignity of a park. Here they could wander for hours meeting no one, hearing no voices but their own, isolated by the intensity of an affection that took no heed of yesterday or to-morrow.

"I never knew what happiness meant till I loved you, Hester," said the young man whom Lowcombe talked of as 'This Mr. Hanley.'

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"No! for a day, but for ever, so long as I have you, sweet wife."

He called her by that sacred name often in their talk, never guessing how at every repetition of that name to which she had no right, her heart thrilled with a strange sudden pain. She trouble him by no inquiries, no over the sacrifice he had exacted from her. She had never remorached him with the treachery that had made her his. Generous, forgetful of self-forgetful, she gave him her heart as she would have given him her life, and her tears and her remorse were scrupulously hidden from him. To make him happy was now the sole desire and purpose of her life. Of her father's fate she was still uncertain, but she was not without hope that he lived. A detective had traced a man whose description tallied with that of Nicholas Davenport to Liverpool, where he had embarked on a steamer bound for Melbourne within two days of Davenport's disappearance from Chelsea. The passage had been taken in the name of Danvers, and the passenger had described himself as a clergyman of the Church of England. Hester was the more inclined to believe that the man so described might be her father as he had often talked of going back to Australia and trying his luck again in that wider world. It was not because he had failed once that he must not try fall again.

"But how could he have got the money for his passage?" asked Hester. "He had exhausted all his old friends. It seems impossible that he could have had enough money to pay for the voyage to Melbourne."

And then on his knees at her feet in the August moonlight, with tears and kisses and protestations of remorse, Gerard Hillersdon confessed his sin.

"It was base, vile, iniquitous beyond all common iniquity," he said. "You can never think worse of me for that act than I think of myself. But your father stood between us. I would have commit murder to win flowers; a general shop, which is also the post office; and a rustic butcher's, with veranda and garden, constitute the village. The rectory nestles close beside the church, and the rectory garden runs over into the churchyard, long trails of banksia roses straggling across the low stone wall which divides the garden of the living from the garden of the dead. The churchyard is one of the prettiest in England, for the old rector has cared for it and loved it during his five and thirty years' incumbency, and nowhere are the roses lovelier or the veronicas finer than at that quiet resting place by the river.

The land round about belongs to a man of old family, who is rich enough to keep his estate unspoiled by the speculating builder, and who would as soon think of cutting off his right hand as of cutting up the meadows he scampered over on his boyhood's holiday into eligible building plots, or of breaking through the tall, tangled hedges of hawthorn and honeysuckle to make new roads for the erection of semi-detached villas. In a word, Lowcombe is still the country pure and simple, unsullied by one touch of the vulgar suburban or the shoddy Queen Anne style which mark the architecture of this closing century.

On the brink of the Thames, and about fifteen minutes' walk from Lowcombe village, there is an old fashioned cottage, humble as to size and elevation, but set in so exquisite a garden that the owner of a palace might envy it possessor a retreat so fair in its rustic seclusion.

Here, in the middle of August, when the second crop of roses were in their fullest beauty, a young couple whose antecedents and belongings were unknown to the inhabitants of Lowcombe, had set up their modest menage of a man and two maids, a gardener, a dingby, and a skiff.

The village folks troubled themselves very little about these young people, who paid their bills weekly; but the few gentilities in the parish of Lowcombe were much exercised in mind about a couple who never sent letters of introduction, and who might, or might not, be an acquisition to the neighborhood. The fact that Mr. Hanley was alleged to have bought the house he lived in and forty acres of meadow land attached thereto, gave him a certain status in the parish, and made the question as to whether Mr. and Mrs. Hanley should or should not be called upon a far more serious problem than it would have been in the case of an annual tenant, or even a leaseholder.

"Nobody seems to have heard of these Hanleys," said Miss Malcolm, a Scottish spinster, who prided herself on her family respectability, to Mrs. Donovan, an Irish widow, who was swollen with the importance that goes with income rather than with blood. "If the man was a good family surely some of us must have heard of him before now. Lady Isabel, who goes to London every season, thinks it very curious that we should never have met this Mr. Hanley in society."

"Old Banks was asking an extortionate rent for the Rosary and it stood empty," said Mrs. Donovan, "so the man must have money."

"Mad in trade, I daresay," speculated Miss Malcolm, whereat the widow, whose husband had made his fortune as a manufacturer and exporter of Irish brogues, reddened angrily. It was painful to remember in the autumnal dolce far niente of her declining years, that the name of Donovan was stamped upon millions of boots in the old world and the new, and that the famous name was still being stamped by the present proprietor.

Finally, after a good deal of argument, it was decided at a tea party which included the elite of the parish, with the exception of the rector, that until Mr. Muschatt, of Muschatt's Court, had called upon the new people at the Rosary, no one else should call. Whatever was good in the eyes of Muschatt, whose pedigree could be traced without a break to Canute and Edward the Confessor, must be good for the rest of the parish.

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accepted the idea of the God-Like Man, a being to be named in the same breath with Socrates and Plato, with Shakespeare and Milton—only a little higher than the highest modern intellect. Only a week, and a creed was destroyed, but in that week a flood of talk had poured on things in heaven and on earth, what theories, and dreams, and philosophies sounded and explored. To this woman, whom he loved more goodly than he had ever dreamed of loving, Gerard gave the intellectual experience of his manhood, from the hour he began to ponder upon the problem of man's existence to his latest opinion upon the last book he had read. Had she not loved him her own simple faith, the outcome of feeling unsustained by reason, might have been strong enough to stand fast against his arguments; but love took the part of the assailant, and the result was a foregone conclusion. Had he been a Christian freethinker, a fervid Papist, believing in family relics, and miracle-working statues, she would have believed as he taught her to believe. Her faith, fortified by her love, would have removed mountains. With her, to love meant total self-abnegation. Even the sharp stings of remorse were deadened in the happiness of knowing that her lover was happy; and as she gradually grew to accept his idea of a universe governed only by the laws of human reason, she came to think that whether Church and State had assisted at her marriage was indeed, as Gerard urged, of infinitesimal significance. And thinking thus, there was but one cloud on her horizon. Her only fear for anxiety was for her father's welfare—and even of him she tried to think as little as possible, knowing that she could do nothing for him except await the result of his misconduct. She had given him all the fairest years of her girlhood, and he had accepted her sacrifice, and at the first opportunity had chosen his darling vice in preference to his daughter. She had a new master now, a master at whose feet she laid all the treasures of her life, for whom no sacrifice could ever be too much.

Time is measured by feeling. There are days in every life which mean epochs. One eventful week may stand for more in the sum of existence than half-a-dozen placid monotonous years. It seemed to Hester, while September was yet young, that her union with Gerard Hillersdon had lasted for half a lifetime. She could scarcely think of herself except as his wife; all the past years seemed dark and shadowy, like a dioramic picture that melts gradually into something strange and new. The name of wife no longer wounded her ear. The new philosophy taught her that she was no less a wife because she had no legal claim to the title. The new philosophy had taught her that she had a right to do what she liked with her life, so long as she did not wrong her neighbor. One clause in that Church Catechism her childish lips had repeated so often, was blotted out for ever. Duty to God was done away, since there was no God, and duty to fellow creatures was comprised in duty to man—a reasonable regard for the happiness of the largest number.

But renunciation of the creed of hope was not accomplished without moments of mental agony, even in the midst of that dream of love which filled all the world with one adored presence. There were moments when the young heart would have gone up to the old church in prayer—prayer for the endurance of this dead felicity, prayer for the creature she loved so well. But the new Heaven was a blank—an infinite system of worlds and distances, measureless, illimitable—but there was no one there—no one—no mind, no heart, no love, no pity; only systems and movement, eternal movement, which included light, heat, evolution, everything—a mighty and complex universe of which her lover and herself were but unconsidered atoms, for upon no higher Existence had ever taken heed, since they two, poor sport of Life and Time, were the crowning glory of evolution. The progress of the universe might achieve something higher in infinite ages to come; but so far they two, Gerard and herself, were the highest outcome of immeasurable ages. Gerard was her humbleness, for protection from the dangers that surrounded them, they had to look to themselves and to each other.

Had she been less absorbed by her affection for the creature Hester would have more acutely suffered by this darkening over of the world beyond, which had once been her one consolation and her hope; but in Gerard's companionship there was no need of worlds beyond.

Those last weeks of summer were exceptionally beautiful. It seemed as if summer were lingering in the lap of autumn when autumn was drawing to its close. Trees and shrubberies, the flower-beds that made great masses of vivid color on the lawn—scarlet, orange, deepest yellow, deepest azure—were untouched by frost, unbeaten by rain. The broad, old-fashioned border which gave an old-world air to one end of the garden, was glorious with tall gaudy flowers—tritomia, Japanese anemones, single and cactus dahlias, late-blooming lilies, and roses of every hue, and white. And beyond the garden and encircling shrubbery, in the hedgerows and meadows, in the copses and on the patches of hillocky common, heather, gorse, wildflowers of every hue and perfume, the same rich luxuriance, the wealth of color and perfume, the joyous exuberance of Nature which live only for a few weeks of rain, sunshine, summer weather can fling over the face of an English landscape.

It may be that this abundant beauty, this delicious interlude of sunshine and blue sky helped Hester Davenport to forget the shadows in her life—to forget all that was painful and abnormal in her position, and to exist only in the happiness of the present. Morning after morning the same sunlit river rippled round the boat, which seemed to dance and twinkle in the vivid light as if it were a living thing, longing to be free and afloat. Morning after morning Gerard and Hester sculled their skiff along the windings of romantic backwaters, halting under a roof of greenery to idle away the sultry hours in talk and reading. Under those slant, lime willows, whose green tresses dipped and trailed in the bright blue water, they would sit for a long summer day, Hester's dexterous fingers employed upon some piece of artistic embroidery, while Gerard read aloud to her.

In this way they went through all the devious windings and eloquent incomprehensibilities of the Revolt of Islam—in this way Hester heard for the first time of the Book of the Book—and wept and suffered with the gentle heroine, and thrilled and trembled in those scenes of dramatic grandeur and fiery passion, unsurpassed in the literature of poetry. A new world opened before her as Gerard familiarized her with his favorite authors. The lawlessness of Shelley, the rude vehemence of Elizabethan dramatists, the florid eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, the capricious brilliancy of De Quincey, the sweet and sad philosophy of Lamb, these and many other writers, long familiar to the man who had lived by literature, were all new to Hester.

"What an ignoramus I have been," she exclaimed. "I thought when I had read Shakespeare and Milton and Byron and Tennyson I knew the best treasures of English literature—but now the treasures seem inexhaustible."

There were other literatures too to be tasted. They read Eugenie Grandet together, and Hester wept over the heroine's disappointed life. They read new books and old books, having nothing to do in those six weeks of perpetual summer but read and talk and ramble, and worship one another, each unto the other the beautiful and good and true.

"If it could last," thought Gerard; but Hester, less experienced, and therefore, more confiding in Fate, dreamt that this Elysium would last till the grim spectre, who crumples down all blisses, broke into their enchanted palace.

She watched his face with fondest anxiety, and it was her delight to mark how the dark lines and the pinched, wan look seemed to be vanishing day by day. Who knows whether it was really so or whether in the face she worshipped she saw only what she so ardently longed to see, signs of improving health and youth renewed. His eyes had a new brightness, she thought, and if he looked pale in the daylight, he had a new brightness in the evening as they sat side by side in the luminous circle of the reading lamp. And again and again he assured her that happiness had given him a new lease of life, that all the old aches and weariness had been subjugated, and that Dr. South would tell a very different story next time he overhauled his patient.

"He told me to seek happiness, and I have sought and found it," he said, kissing the slender hands that had toiled so patiently in the past, and which now so often lay idly in his.

Gerard thought of the Chart of Life behind the curtain, in his house at Queensgate, and thought how he would again trace a line upon that sheet of cartridge paper the outline would be bold and free, the stroke of the pen broad and steady.

In this six weeks of happiness he had severed himself almost entirely from his past life, and from that wrestling, striving world in which a bachelor under thirty, with two millions of money, is an important factor. The men of his set had left off wondering why he married neither racing stud nor mammoth yacht, why neither the blue ribbon of the turf nor the glories of the Royal Yacht Squadron had any attraction for him. The masculine portion of society had at him given finally as a poor creature, without manly aspirations or English pluck. An æsthete, a dilettante, a man good for nothing but to keep a fine lunch-eon table, and to lose a hundred now and again at ecarte or piquet. Women were far more indulgent. They talked of Gerard Hillersdon as quite too interesting—so delightfully unlike anyone else.

He had arranged that all his letters should be re-addressed to the post office at Reading, and twice a week he despatched the indispensable replies from Reading to the house steward, to be posted in London. Thus even his own servants knew of no nearer address than Reading, which was fifteen miles from the Rosary. He answered only such letters as absolutely required replies, and to these his answers were brief and colorless. He had so concentrated all his thoughts upon Hester, and he plaied a selfish life which they made him, that it was only by a painful effort he could bring his mind to bear upon the commonplace of friend-ship or the dry as-dust of business. Certain letters there were which had to be written somehow, the writing of which was absolute mental agony. These were his weekly letters to the woman whom he was pledged to marry when the year of her widowhood was ended. And of that year a quarter had already gone by—a quarter of a year which had drifted him so far away from that old love that he looked back at the dim past wonderingly, and asked himself, "Did I ever love her? Was not the whole story a concession to society ethics, which demand that every young man should have his goddess, *de par le monde*, every married woman her youthful adorer, every smart menage its open secret, not to know which is not to belong to the smart world?"

Once a week at least he must write to the absent lady; for to neglect her might result in a catastrophe. Her nature, he told himself, was of the sort which brooks no neglect, and dangerous to offend. He had never forgotten that moment in Hertford street when, at the thought of his inconstancy, she had risen up in her fury, white to the lips, save where the hectic of anger burned upon her cheek in one red spot, like a flame. He might doubt—nay, doubtless he had ever loved her; but he could not doubt that she loved him, with that love of woman which is a fashion.

No: he must maintain the falsehood of his position till he could find some way of issue from this net which he had made for himself in the morning of life. Now, with love at its keenest, he could conceive no other circumstances that could make him false to Hester. Her life must be intertwined with his to the end. Until he might never parade his passion before the world, he must hide from eyes that stare down the poetry of life, and if a man married Undine would look at her with cold calculating eyes, he must endure merrivelleuse, and ask, "What are her people?"

Once a week the lying letter had to be written—lying, for he dared not write too coldly lest the distant divinity should mark the change of temperature and come flying homeward to find out the reason for this failing off. So he secluded himself in his study one morning in every week, telling Hester that he had troublesome business letters which must be answered, and he composed his laborious epistle, spicing his formal tenderness with flippancy that was meant for wit, elaborating society scandals from the faintest hints in *Truth* or the *World*, rhapsodizing on summer time and the poets, and filling his tale of pages somehow.

His conscience smote him when Edith Champion praised these artificial compositions, this Abelard done to order. Her woman's wit was not keen enough to detect the falsehood of style and matter.

"What lovely letters you have written me lately," she wrote "only too far apart. I never knew you to write so eloquently, for you must remember how you used to put me off with a couple of hurried pages. I am touched to the heart at the thought that absence seems only to bring us nearer together, more perfectly in sympathy with each other. I spent half the night—indeed, the mountains were rosy in the sunlight when I closed my book—reading Shelley, after your last letter, in which you told me how you had been reading him lately. You are right. We are too apt to neglect him. Browning is so absorbing with his analytical power—his gift of turning men and women inside out and exhibiting their physical phases—so thoroughly suits the temper of the age we live in, which seems to me an age of asking questions for which there are no answers. Write oftener, dearest. Your delightful letters have but one fault—there are too few of them."

"So much for the divining rod of a woman's intelligence," thought Gerard, as he tore up the letter.

Gerard then from the highly cultivated lady, who was well abreast of the stream of modern literature, and who was full of the current ideas of the day, turned to the fond girl whose delight was to listen to the expression of his ideas, who accepted his gospel as if there were no other teacher on this earth, and all the wisdom of Buddha, Confucius and Socrates were concentrated in this young journalist of nine and twenty. He turned to Hester, and found in her companionship a sweet reposeful influence he had never felt in the old days when all his leisure hours were devoted to Edith Champion.

In one of Edith's later letters there was a remonstrance.

"You tell me nothing of yourself," she said. "Not even where you are or what you doing. Your paper and the Knightsbridge post-mark indicate that you are at Hillersdon House, but what are you doing there, and what can be keeping you in London when all the civilized world is scattered over moor and mountain, or roving on the sea! I sometimes fear you are ill—perhaps too ill to travel. If I really thought that, I should waive every other consideration and go to Queensgate to be near you. And yet your delightful letters could hardly be written by a sick man. There is no languor or depression in them. A whim, I suppose, this lingering in town when everybody else has fled. You were always a creature of whims, and now you have millions you are naturally all the more whimsical. Not to be like other people, was not that your ambition years ago when we used to discuss your career?

How could he read such letters as these without a pang of remorse! He suffered many such pangs as he read, but in the next half-hour he was floating idly with the current along the lonely river, and Hester's pale young loveliness was opposite him, the sweet face dimly seen in the deep shadow of a broad straw hat. Nothing that art can lend to beauty was

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needed to accentuate that delicate harmony of form and coloring. The simple cambric frock, the plain straw hat, became her even better than court robes and plumes and jewels could have done. She was just at the age when beauty needs the least adornment.

"I don't wonder that you refused to be tempted by all my offers of finery from French dressmakers," Gerald said to her one day. "You are lovelier in your cotton gowns than the handsomest woman in London in a hundred guinea confection by Raudnitz or Felix. But some day when we are in Paris I shall insist on dressing you up in silks and feathers, just to see how my gentle Hester will look as the Queen of Sheba. A woman of fashion, dress in the latest modish eccentricity, always recalls her Sheban majesty to my mind."

"Some day when we are in Paris!" He often spoke as if all their lives were to be spent together, as if wherever he went she would go with him. Sometimes in the midst of her happiness Hester lost herself in a labyrinth of mingled hope and fear. He had told her of an insurmountable obstacle to their legal union, and yet he spoke as if there were to be no end to this blessed life in which they lived only for each other. Ah, that was the shadow on the dial, that was the one stupendous fear. To this wedlock of two hearts and minds, wedlock unsanctified by church or law, there would come the end—the falling off of love, sudden or gradual; the bitter hopeless day on which she should awaken from her dream, and pass out of Paradise into the hard, cold world. She tried to steep heart and mind in the bliss of the present, to shut her eyes against all possibilities of woe. Whatever the future might bring it would be something to remember she had once been completely happy. Even a single day of such perfect bliss would shine like a star in the dark night of years to come. She would not spoil the ineffable present by forebodings about the future. And thus it was that Gerard Hillersdon had to listen to no reproaches, to kiss away no remorseful tears. She who had given him her heart and life had given with all a woman's self-forgetfulness. What matter how fate might use her by and by! The triumph of her life was in her lover's happiness.

It would be difficult to imagine a life more secluded, more shut in and isolated from the outer world, or a spot more remote from the drawbacks of civilization; and yet this young couple, wandering in the lanes and over the commons, or gliding over sunlit waters in their picturesque skiff, with its striped red and white sail, and its gaily colored oriental cushions, were the cynosure of several pairs of eyes, which took heed of the smallest details in their behavior or their surroundings, and the subject of several very active tongues, a subject which gave new zeal to many a five o'clock tea within driving distance of Lowcombe.

Placid and inoffensive as their lives were, the young people who were known as Mr. and Mrs. Hanley had given umbrage to the whole neighborhood by various omissions and commissions within the six weeks of their residence at the Rosary.

In the first place they had taken no trouble to conciliate the residents among whom they had descended suddenly, or, in the words of the jovial and facetious curate of an adjoining parish, "as if they had been dropped out of a balloon." They had brought no letters of introduction. They had not explained themselves. They had planted themselves there in the very midst of a select and immaculate little community without producing any evidence of their respectability.

"And yet no doubt they expect people to call upon them," said Lady Isabel Glendower, the wife of a very ancient Indian General, who went to garden parties in a bath chair, and whose wife and daughters had taken upon themselves a tone of authority in all social matters upon the ground of the lady's rank as an earl's daughter. "Mr. Muschatt actually was going to call. I met him last week riding that wretched old cob towards the Rosary, and was just in time to stop him. 'Surely you are not going to compromise us by calling on these people,' I said, 'until we know more about them.'"

"The foolish old thing saw the young woman on the river the other day, and was so taken by her pretty face that he wanted to know more of her," said Cara Glendower, who was young and skittish. "He raved to me about her transparent complexion and simple cotton frock. Old men are so silly."

"I think, Lady Isabel, the less we say about these young people, the better," said Miss Malcolm, with awful significance. "They are evidently not the kind of persons you would like your daughters to know. A young man who can spend money as freely as this young man does, cannot be without a circle of friends; and yet I can answer for it that not a creature except the tradesmen's boys, has been to the Rosary for the last six weeks."

"But if they are honeymooning they may wish to be alone," suggested Cara.

"Honeymooning! Nonsense, child," retorted Lady Isabel, who prided herself on being outspoken. "I dare say that young woman, in spite of her simple cotton frock, has as many honeymoons as there are signs of the Zodiac. The most notorious women in London are the women who wear simple cotton frocks and don't paint their faces."

"Mr. and Mrs. Hanley have been six weeks at Lowcombe, and have never been to church. That stamps them," said Mrs. Donovan, at whose luxurious tea-table the conversation took place.

The rector heard the fag end of the debate.

"I must see if I can persuade them to come to church," he said, in his mild, kindly voice. "It is rather too much of a jump at conclusions to suppose that because they are not churchgoers they are disreputable. Half the young men of the present generation are agnostics and Darwinians, and a good many young women imitate the young men's agnosticism just as eagerly as they imitate their collars and ties. I am old enough to know that one must make prodigious allowances for the erratic intellect of youth. Whether Muschatt calls on the Hanleys or not, I shall call and find out what manner of people they are. I am sorry I have put it off so long."

The rector had a way of coming down with the heavy foot of benevolence upon the serpent's head of village malignity, now and again, on which account he was generally spoken of as an eccentric, and a man who would have been better placed anywhere than in the Church of England, an elderly widower, living with a soft-hearted maiden sister, childless, irresponsible, altogether lax in his ideas of morality, a man who took pity upon fallen village girls, and gave himself infinite trouble to save them from further evil, and to help them to live down their disgrace; a man who had labored valiantly in the work of female emigration, and to whom almost every mail from the new world brought ill-spelt letters of gratitude and loving remembrance. Such a man the *elite* of Lowcombe considered should have cast in his lot at the East End of London. In a small settlement of eminently correct people he was out of place. He was too good for the neighborhood, and the neighborhood was too good for him.

(To be Continued.)

Excursion to Washington on April 27th, 1891, via Erie Ry and Lehigh Valley Ry.

A grand trip to the south and via the picturesque route of United States and passing through the cities of Mauch Chunk, Philadelphia and Baltimore. You can also have the pleasure of witnessing the horse races in Washington, which commence on April 28. Only ten dollars round trip Suspension Bridge to Washington. Tickets good for ten days, and can be purchased at Erie ticket office, Suspension Bridge. For berths and full particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Advice to Young Writers.

His difficulties begin at the outset. He is filled with yearning for literature; he longs to write—even he! But what shall he write? How is he to find his own line? So he hesitates, trying this way and that. He strikes out first in one direction and then in another; he is checked and headed back. Perhaps he gives in, disgusted with failure; perhaps he perseveres, and presently finds—himself. When that remarkable discovery is made, he too often discovers, further, that his plane of action is a good deal lower than he had at first thought; he must be content with small things. In this initial difficulty no one can help the young writer. He must help himself. He must be left alone. He is, next, ignorant of the technique. He does not know that there are any rules to be observed in the various branches of the literary art. Very often he works quite by himself, and has no one who can advise him. Or he is ashamed of his own ambitions, and is too proud to seek advice. Or he has been badly educated—because literary ambitions seize others besides the men who have taken a first-class in honors—and has little understanding of style. Or the only models accessible to him are bad, old-fashioned, misleading, so that he begins with standards which he must presently change. How long was it before Richard Jefferies arrived at the style of the Pageant of Summer? Not till after failures many and heart breakings grievous, because he started with ignorance of his own powers and ignorance of his own limitations: ignorance of style, construction, dramatic effect, taste, everything the first class man has. Even such apparently simple things as length, division, arrangement, proportion of parts, have to be found out somehow. Mostly, the young man learns them as the child learns to walk, by repeated tumbles. Yet these are things which might be taught. They are the rudiments of literary art; they are, in a sense, mechanical; they belong to the use of the tools. The next difficulty is his choice of a subject. If he wants to write a play, or to tell a story, or to make a poem, all the subjects seem to have been taken up already and all the types used—nothing left for the new generation. The great men gone by have abused their position and grabbed everything; they might have left something. Everything used—everything done already. While he considers this difficulty, one who regardeth not the past, but concerns himself with the present, steps to the front, and, lo! quite a new work, with new types of character, new situations, and new scenes. For, though men of the past may seem to have taken up every possible situation in the human comedy, as a matter of fact they have taken up no more than the situations of their own time. The present belongs to those who live, not to the dead. The subject is the difficulty. What shall he take? If he will write an essay he chooses something big, something that requires age and experience and knowledge of the world, none of which he possesses; something that requires readers to get outside their grooves. Then he fails, and he wonders why. Meantime some man no better than himself steps in with a bundle of essays on subjects that a young man can treat and that the world likes to read about—and conquers that world. In literature, as in everything else, that man succeeds who catches time by the forelock. He who would lead the age must first be led by the age. This means that he who cannot feel the forces which act upon his generation, is not in touch with his fellows and can never hope to move them. The successful writer must have sympathy in himself or he could never win the ear of the world. Especially is this to be observed in fiction. One must be of the age; one must feel the things that other men feel; one must speak to them of the things of which they are thinking. A thousand useful reforms might be proposed, a thousand anomalies might be suggested; but, unless men's minds are turned that way, it is useless. What made Uncle Tom's Cabin a success? Because the whole English-speaking world of the time were thinking, taking sad writing of slavery. Why was Alton Locke so successful? Because the author handled one of the most absorbing subjects of the day. But the novelist is, though, as contented to amuse; he will produce a work that shall please, and nothing more. Still, unless he scars into the regions of pure romance, he must take his materials from the world around him. Even in the simplest love story the setting must be real and drawn from nature. "Only give me a subject!" cries the young man. Let him look into the first house he pleases, and there he will find a subject if he has eyes and ears and a heart and a voice. Suppose, however, that the young man has got over some of his difficulties, that he has actually written something and has got his precious manuscript—how precious no one knows who has not gone through the experience—ready for the printer: two great difficulties await him. Most young men are not conscious of the first, being wholly occupied with the second. The first—the unseen—difficulty is this. Young authors may be divided into two classes—the class which has the gift of words, and the class which has the gift of speech. Many there are who possess the former, but few the latter. He who has the gift of words can write. It is a fatal gift, because it makes the possessor think that he can speak. He cannot refrain from writing; if he writes essays and articles, they neither suggest nor inform, nor do they advance the subject; if poems, they are echoes and memories; if fiction, the treatment is imitative and conventional—a most fatal gift, and becoming more common every day. He who can speak, however, is the rare creature whose vocation was given to him at the beginning: he can see the people and catch the voice of the present; and he can interpret what he sees and hears. That is the gift of speech. The second difficulty is to get his work before the world. First he tries the leading publishers. They refuse it, coldly but courteously. Their courtesy gives him hope. He next—this is an invariable rule—falls into a fatal error. He says: "If the great houses refuse me, the smaller ones may take me." As if a thing which is unsalable by one merchant should become of solid value to another, when there is but one public or body of purchasers. The smaller houses refuse, of course, for the same reason as their richer brethren. He then goes to the hands of a benevolent person who offers to produce his work if he will pay £50, £60, £100, and to give him, the author, half the enormous profits. He advances the money; he thinks it is only lending it for a while. Alas! There are no any profits; there never are any sales; the money never comes back again. You see, the author has the gift of words, and he thought he had the gift of speech. These are some of the difficulties of the young author. Hitherto no machinery has been in existence which would help him over them at the outset. Something has lived during the last twelve months which may be of use. It is a new departure, and it promises to grow and to become remarkable. It is not a school for novelists; it is simply a department of the Society of Authors, to which a young writer can send a manuscript for such examination and criticism as a student can expect from his private coach. No amount of teaching or critical opinion can convert the man who has the gift of words into the man who has the gift of speech. But if the latter can be saved a few years of failure and of useless effort by means of a little timely advice in the elementary things, the world should be the richer by the loss of many worthless books, and the literary aspirant would be the happier by knowledge gained and experience saved.—*Walter Besant in Illustrated London News.*

Special Notice to Pianists, Organists and Vocalists.

Every musician should visit the show rooms at Nos. 108 and 110 King street west, and see the very latest invention in musical instruments, they will be amply rewarded for their visit by seeing "The Perfect Transposing Organs and Pianos," which are on exhibition at above address. These instruments transpose music into any key ranging throughout the chromatic scale, and the working is so simple that a child can operate it. This invention enables vocalists to practice any music, even though not written for their particular compass, thus opening up a wide area of delightful study. In the near future no other organs or pianos will be used. The musical celebrities of Europe and Great Britain are unanimous in this respect, and the party who secures the right to manufacture these instruments will make an immense fortune in a short time, as really no other instrument will be purchased when these can be procured.

Rejected Manuscripts.

There is not much encouragement for men and women who desire to win fame and fortune by contributing to the monthly magazines, in the conversation which the writer has had with the editor of one of the widely circulated monthlies published in this city. It will be seen that the voluntary contributor has a wonderfully small chance of getting a hearing unless he offers something of remarkable merit or originality. The editor of a magazine or newspaper is supposed to keep his finger continually on the pulse of what he calls his audience, and to know what they will like and be eager to read, better than anybody else. It is doubtless true that he sometimes makes mistakes, but on the whole the chances are strongly in favor of his being right. The editor said: "You ask what opportunity an unknown writer has of securing the acceptance of any article that he may offer to us. I suppose the best answer would be that it depends upon the article itself. Most of the articles submitted to us do not possess the trouble of reading, but out of a great mass of chaff we do occasionally get a grain or two of wheat. It is tiresome and profitless work, though, as a whole. Just look at the situation we are in. If writers could only stop to consider it they would see more clearly than they often do, why what they offer is so frequently 'unavailable.' I know it is the fashion to laugh at this word, but the fact is that it expresses the exact truth in very many cases. A thing may be good in itself, but yet not suitable for our columns. We never go into mourning because a manuscript which we have rejected is accepted somewhere else. I ask you to look at the situation in which we editors find ourselves; and from one magazine office it is easy to know all. We print twelve numbers in a year. In each number we print on an average say twelve or fifteen articles. Suppose we say that in the course of a year we print two hundred articles or so. Now, how many manuscripts do you suppose are offered to us in the course of a year? Something over 4,000. If we chose to make up the entire magazine from year's beginning to year's end out of the voluntary contributions, we should still perforce have to reject about 3,800 of 3,900 articles. There is no escape from this arithmetic, as every would-be contributor can see for himself. But everybody knows, or ought to know if he undertakes to write for the magazines, that most of the contributions are written in pursuance of contracts made with the editor, that they are arranged for long in advance, and that the majority are furnished by men who are skilled writers or recognized authorities in some field of activity. Suppose that we find ourselves able to use one voluntary contribution in each number; that would be a large proportion, but how stands it then with the voluntary contributors? On that basis, as I figure it, about one-third of one per cent. of the manuscripts offered would be used; but as a matter of fact the magazine does not contain, on the average, one unsolicited article in every issue. One-fourth of one per cent. would perhaps pretty accurately represent the number of voluntary contributions that are accepted. Any one familiar with the law of chance can figure out the probabilities in his own case when he sends in an article. Always remember, however, what I said at the beginning: much depends on the article itself. If it possesses special merit of any sort, the writer may be pretty certain that it will be found out. Nothing delights the heart of an editor so much as to make a valuable find—such a one, for instance, as the *Atlantic Monthly* made when the woman who chose to call herself Charles Egbert Craddock, began to write for it. Do you wonder, then, that I said it hardly pays us for the time and trouble of handling the large number of manuscripts which we receive? Fortunately the great majority of them do not have to be read in full. A page or two, or a few pages at the furthest, are sufficient in most cases. Authors sometimes try to "catch the editor" by pasting the pages together or by trying some other trick so as to determine, in case he gets his manuscript back, whether it has been read or not. Such devices are useless, even stupid. Editors read every manuscript sufficiently to know what its quality is, whether it requires the reading of one or a hundred pages. I believe this is conscientiously done in every case. But do aspiring writers ever ask themselves what right they have to impose such a burden on defenceless editors? I think it would be an excellent thing for magazine editors to enter into an agreement not to read any manuscripts that are not typewritten; and if I could have my own way I would insist on charging an entrance fee for every manuscript—so much per thousand words. That would tend to lessen the labors of editors, who get no sympathy, while I am convinced that a good deal is wasted on ambitious but unsuccessful literary aspirants."—*New York Tribune.*

No Apology Needed.

In a provincial church, owing to the snow, the clergyman took the almost unprecedented course of closing the service after the prayers, "not," as he explained to his flock, "because there is only a small congregation, but because I haven't a sermon, for I have a carefully prepared one in my pocket, but because I am anxious you should get home quickly and take off your wet boots."

Providing for the Inevitable.

Mayor of Western Town (to stranger who has just alighted from the train)—Excuse me, sir, but can't I sell you a lot in our new cemetery?

Stranger—Thanks, no. I'm only going to stay here over night.

Mayor (doubtfully)—Y-yes, but the boys here act on sudden impulses. It is always well to be prepared.

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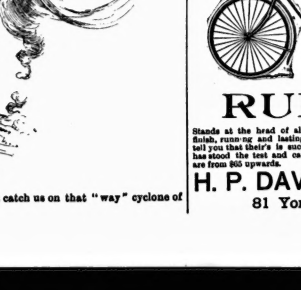

Bill Steele—We're all right, Martha. The old man can't catch us on that "way" cyclone of his line—that is the "limited." *Puck.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMOND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

This has been the liveliest week we have had in music for a long time. Two Santley concerts, Mrs. Adamson's and Mr. Mockridge's concerts, and Mme. Helen Hopekirk's recital have made matters busy for the poor wights who have to go to every concert whether they wish to or not. Very naturally the principal interest centered about the concerts given by the Philharmonic Society on Monday and Tuesday evenings, in which Mr. Charles Santley took part. Mr. Santley has long been known as the greatest English baritone, and has made many successes in opera, oratorio and concert. He is to-day as great a favorite in England in his sphere of effort as he was twenty years ago. That there is something of sentiment in this affection for him, all who heard him this week must admit. When an artist comes to America, he is apt to be judged in the cold light of what he does to-day, rather than by the halo of what he did years ago, and in this light Mr. Santley cannot be said to have achieved unqualified success.

*

People are apt to judge an artist not only by what he does, but also by what they pay to hear him. When I say that by this standard also there was disappointment, I am not saying anything against the Philharmonic Society, who accepted Mr. Santley at a high price in perfect good faith from the enterprising Montreal manager, who also brought the Westminster boy singer, and who has a happy knack of consummating high-priced engagements. A man of Mr. Santley's present capabilities, shown as he showed them on Monday evening, is worth very much less than the society paid on this occasion, and personally I must confess to considerable disappointment at his work in Elijah. Not at the voice, mind you, which is remarkably well preserved for a man of fifty-seven years of age, but more at the absence of dignity and declamatory power in the recitatives, and of expression and feeling in the cantabile portions of the first part of the oratorio. The voice is still smooth and rich, and easy in its emission within certain limits, and has none of the uncertainty of attack so general in voices past their prime. It has good volume and a well-fixed intonation. In higher notes the signs of wear are evident, and a certain thinness of tone is characteristic. With all this well-preserved equipment the *singer* is still satisfactory, but the *artist* disappointed me in that he took his work in too level and mechanical a manner.

*

None of this applies, however, to Mr. Santley's singing of the second part of Elijah. In this he showed his incomparable mastery of every detail of his art and of his subject. He was sympathetic and full of feeling without weakness, and dramatic without exaggeration. His rendition was simply a model one. It was in the aria, Is not His Word Like a Fire, that he first rose to enthusiasm, and his singing of this number was magnificent. His It is Enough was grand in its fervor and dramatic strength, and showed what a great artist he can be. On the second evening the part of Adam in Massenet's Eve was rather high for an effective rendering by Mr. Santley, being thrown largely in the upper register of his voice, and he did not succeed in giving brilliant effect to his rendition of the part. It was in the miscellaneous part that he appeared at his greatest and best. His singing of O Ruddier Than The Cherry from Handel's Acis and Galatea, was a magnificent example of artistic phrasing and dramatic delivery, and was received with the loudest and most prolonged applause ever heard in the Pavilion. He responded with Hatton's Bid Me to Live, which he sang with intense fervor, and met with applause that almost equalled the reception of his first number. A second recall elicited Simon the Cellarer, which was magnificently sung, an entirely new light of dainty comedy being thrown upon this well known song. The Philharmonic Society has shown its good judgment by re-engaging Mr. Santley for a miscellaneous concert on May 19, at which he will appear at his best, as he will sing those selections with which he is most in sympathy.

*

Mrs. Anna Mooney Burch proved herself to be a very conscientious artist. She has a very clear and rich voice, which shows excellent training, except in her high notes, which are too open to be always agreeable. She sings with a dramatic strength of delivery rare in voices of this calibre and character, and made a distinct success in the great Widow duet in English, and in Hear ye, Israel, in the same work. On Tuesday evening her powers were taxed unsparingly by Massenet's work, but she acquitted herself very creditably. In the second part she sang a Slumber song by Wagner, with a wealth of tender expression, and as encore sang Cowan's Snowflake. Frau bar-Morawetz sang the alto recitatives 'lignity and impressive delivery, and she 'i a strong dramatic feeling to Woe Unto Them. Her rendering ' in the Lord was an ex- 'der one, and she received 'i most prolonged applause of '. Douglas Bird is a young ther overweighted by the His voice is very light, 'ity, and he sings with great ease and correctness, making quite a success of the aria, If With All Your Hearts. In his recitatives he lacked emphasis. At the Eve concert he sang the Narrator's part on very short notice, owing to the illness of Mr. George Taylor, who was to have sung the part, and criticism of his efforts would be obviously unfair. One of the most satisfactory incidents of the Elijah concerts was the beautiful effect produced by the singing of the boy's part by Mrs. Parker. Her voice, coming from the ranks of the chorus, was beautifully clear and fresh. Consideration of the solo performances in the Elijah would be incomplete without warm praise of Mr. Fred Warrington, who sang the prophet's part at the public rehearsal on Saturday night. Mr. Warrington sang excellently, giving due expression and force to every point in the part, and made one feel proud of Toronto's artistic resources. Mrs. Petley rendered able assistance to Mrs. Burch in the duet in Elijah, and with Mrs. J. C. Smith and Mrs. Leach gave a creditable rendering of the trio, Life Thine Eyes. The two quartettes in the oratorio were excellently sung by the Mozart Quartette, the delicacies of shading and expression shown by them winning hearty applause in each instance. Miss Bessie Bonsall gave an effective rendering of the Queen's part.

*

The orchestra was the best the society has ever had, and played splendidly after the first few numbers of the oratorio, the accompaniments to the soloists never having been played better in the history of the society. The string tone especially was rich and clear. On the second evening Massenet's work, which is rich and sensuous in its orchestration, was well played and formed a delightful tone-picture apart from its vocal incidents. The Ruy Blas Overture on the same evening was a distinct success. The chorus of the Philharmonic Society always comes out well in the Elijah, and in the present case well maintained its reputation. It was well balanced with very correct intonation, and with very good attacks. The dashing choruses were sung with fire and spirit, and the shading of the chorus on both evenings was better than the society had ever shown before. In Eve the difficulties were sometimes evident, but Mr. Torrington pulled everything through. He deserves the greatest credit for the success which has attended the work of his departments at these concerts. Mr. Clarke's cornet solo was hardly in place at the Tuesday concert, not because of any lack of artistic ability on his part, but because it is hardly an instrument which is in place for solo numbers at an oratorio concert. He played his number with elegant phrasing and a fine warm tone. It is his most artistic selection and was warmly applauded.

*

The Santley concerts brought quite a number of musical visitors to town. Three members of Mr. Thomas Luttehale's family came from Hamilton to assist in the orchestral work. Mr. James Russell bringing his aboe from the same city for the good work. All members of parliament and cricketers know genial Bob Brewer of Ottawa, who has been here for some days helping the orthestra with his 'cello. Agreeable company and successful work have made their sojourn a pleasant one.

*

Dr. Edwin M. Lott has been here and delivered his two lectures at Trinity College, which were quite interesting even if they were a trifle encyclopædic. His organ recital was well attended, although the programme offered no specially severe tests of ability, being mainly simple pieces. He is a correct and careful player, and in this respect was satisfactory, although the musicians in the audience were disappointed that his selections did not offer a better criterion of his resources.

*

I have received a letter from Mr. Henry Bourlier, secretary of the Toronto Vocal Society, in which he complains that my mention of a week ago of Miss Clementine De Vere's engagement by his society and by the Haslam Vocal Society, would lead my readers to infer that the latter body had been the first to engage Miss De Vere. This inference, Mr. Bourlier says, is incorrect, and he adds: "I would be glad if you would please note that Miss De Vere was engaged by the Toronto Vocal Society as early as the 9th of February, and therefore the Toronto Vocal Society made the first engagement, the lady being subsequently engaged by the other vocal society." I did not know which society had been the first to engage this clever artist, and I cheerfully make the desired correction. Speaking of the T. V. S., I have a list of the works they will sing at the concert on April 21, which I append. Madrigal, My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose, Garrett; Part-song, Oh, Take Care! Dreggart; Cradle Song, Brahms; Chorus for male voices, Comrades in Arms, Adam; Eight-part chorus, Come Unto Him, Gound; Choral trio for ladies, voices, Caller Herrin; Part-song, Kate Dalrymple, Fred Archer; Part-song, Rhine Raft Song, Pinsuti; Auld Lang Syne.

*

Thursday and Friday of the same week will bring us Iolanthe, with the full strength of the Harmony Club. In addition to the principals, whose names I gave last week, the following ladies and gentlemen will take part in the chorus: Fairies—Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. George Dunstan, Mrs. Augustine Foy, Mrs. J. Ireland, Mrs. J. A. McAndrew, Miss Armstrong, Miss Barwick, Miss Beach, Miss Chadwick, the Misses King-Dodds, Miss Gimson, Miss Harper, Miss Heward, the Misses Jarvis, Miss Lea, Miss Michie, Miss Murray, the Misses Morphy, Miss Seymour, Miss Skae, Miss Towner. Peers: Messrs. E. Andrews, A. J. Boyd, T. Chisholm, E. H. Duggan, George Dunstan, W. M. Fahey, W. H. Featherstone, Augustine Foy, George Hart, H. Hay, T. G. Haultain, P. Hodgins, G. Kerr, G. F. Little. C. J. Marani, H. McMillan, H. J. Minty, H. R. O'Reilly, L. T. Pemberton, P. E. Ritchie, E. C. Rutherford, J. Saunders, G. R. Sweeney, C. M. Wilson and G. Wilson.

MATRONOME.

Too Explicit.

"Mr. St. John says your complexion always reminds him of the Wars of the Roses."

"Did he? How nicely he puts things!"

"Yes, doesn't he? You know the Red drove the White entirely from the field."—*Life.*

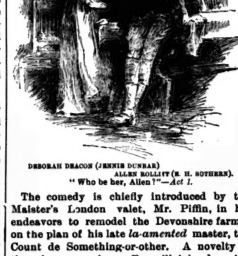
The Drama.

JEROME K. JEROME.

SUCH a play as the Maister of Woodbarrow, the attraction at the Grand during the first three nights of this week, is a temptation to the dramatic critic. It is, as a play, so defenceless against the sword of sarcasm. I shall endeavor, however, to keep the sword in its sheath, a thing many American critics have been unable to do. The play is a comedy melodrama, with all the melodrama carefully subdued. It is by Jerome K. Jerome, and nobody can be more capable of appreciating the staleness of many of the types of character, than the author himself. And although there are also several new types, they are like large, brilliant patches on a faded cloak. The comedy of the piece is, although exaggerated, good, and the dialogue is sprightly.

*

There is no doubt that Mr. Jerome possesses the true dramatist's instinct. The plot is admirably constructed and of great substance. It would be impossible to intelligibly detail its workings, so I shall merely say that it tells of a young Devonshire farmer, a freeholder I suppose, since he is called the Maister, who loves above his station, but by the death of a relative he becomes the possessor of £200,000, and is enabled to woo on an equal basis. The second act transfers the Maister to London, where he is engaged in being a "gentleman," or learning to be one, and reveals the fact that the loved one is an adventuress of the old type, who is, as usual, "more sinned against than sinning," and who, according to regulations, smokes the old-time cigarette. As Mr. Jerome has expressed his affection for this time-honored puppet of the English stage, it is no surprise that she is affectionately dealt with. The last act clears things up. The adventuress expresses her love for the Maister, as well as her regrets at not being able to marry him, owing to her previous marriage to the gentleman villain. The rightful heir turns up, without proof, however, that he is who he is, and through a series of complications and finely dramatic incidents, Allen is made to give up his fortune as a sacrifice to the woman he has loved, the adventuress. But it is not entirely a sacrifice on his part, for he has tired of city life, and it is with more joy than sorrow that he returns to Woodbarrow farm and to his country love, the most beautiful and natural character in the piece, Deborah Deacon. And with Deborah's head on one shoulder and his mother's on the other and a "weal pasty" in front of him, the curtain goes down on the Maister of Woodbarrow.



DEBORAH DEACON (JENNIE DUNBAR) ALLEN ROLLITT (E. H. SOTHERN).
"Who be her, Allen?"—*Act I.*

The comedy is chiefly introduced by the Maister's London valet, Mr. Piffin, in his endeavors to remodel the Devonshire farmer on the plan of his late *la-amented* master, the Count de Something-or-other. A novelty in the play was the ruffian-villain's dropping dead before putting the gentleman-villain to the necessity of shooting him, and the scene at the close of the first act, where Mrs. Rollitt comes forward to greet her supposed nephew and is confronted by his glazed eye and ghastly face, is most dramatic. The Maister of Woodbarrow has all the elements of a popular play. It is melodramatic and comic enough for the average theater-goer, and intelligent enough for the intellectual one. It is most refreshing after the frothy and feverish nonsense we have had ever since the New Year, but popular playwrights could stand some of the Ibsenism we have heard so much of lately.

*

Those who went to the Grand expecting to see a star in the Maister of Woodbarrow, did not see one. It needs but the name of Frohman in the management to assure patrons of a first-class company, and I think that as good as, if not better acting was done by Mr. Sothern's support than by himself. Mr. Sothern was cast for a part for which he is entirely unadapted. Although Allen Rollitt is a gentleman in the best sense of the word, he is not a gentleman in the social sense of it, whereas Mr. Sothern was intended by his patron muse to take the part of a gentleman in both senses of the word, and the result is that in the first act as the countryman, instead of assuming the natural grace which characterizes a young man of Allen's build, in his usual attire, he carried himself as if worked by a set of springs. In the second act, in the attire of the London world, his acting, though much-provoking, was a burlesque, and it was only in the last act when the sterling character of the Maister asserted itself while he was still attired as a dandy, that he really shone. His pathos was occasionally grand, and his uncomfortable laughter whenever he committed a particularly flagrant blunder, was a well considered piece of action as was the episode of turning his love's picture face down in the last act. The part of Lord Chumley gave much more scope to his peculiar talents than does that of the Maister. Miss Virginia Harned is a beautiful young lady, who gave a rendition of the part of Clara Dexter, the adventuress, equal to Mrs. Langtry's famous Lena Despard. To Miss Jennie Dunbar fell the best part in the piece, that of the the country girl, Deborah Deacon. Miss Dunbar is a perfect representative of a certain type of beauty, and acts her natural and beautiful part with charming simplicity, managing to make the uncouth Devon dialect sound sweet from her lips, although the same manner in which she submits to Allen's "busses," knowing, as she does, that he loves another woman, is faulty. To Mr. Roland Buckstone as Col. Dexter, fell the most difficult and original part, that of an old rake, broken by dissipation, caring for naught but his wine bottle. His rage in act three, when his adventuress daughter reveals his cupidity to the Maister, was a most effective piece of acting. Miss Kate Selton as Mrs. Rollitt was good, although harassed by the dialect, and mastered the carriage of her part to perfection. Mr. Owen Fawcett as the country lawyer was very good and well made up. Mr. Morton Selton was a good gentleman-villain, although his voice is a trifle heady for his part. Mr. Augustus Cook was very successful as Mr. Piffin, the valet, and carried himself like a Bunthorne in service. Mr. Montgomery as Baron Von Schnorr was mirth-provoking; and except that he was very large, I can say nothing of Mr. Walter Craven as the rightful heir. On the whole it might be said that few better companies have appeared on Toronto boards this season.

*

At the Academy this week we have had the same old proverbial villains, abused maidens and stage-rocks that are ever associated with melodrama by theater-goers. And at Jacobs & Sparrow's, Lily Clay has been playing to big business this week. Her constituency is largely made of men who wish to see something "bad," and see nothing but a dull heap of rubbish, and of youths who think they acquire a deep coating of gold dust by frequenting such entertainments.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

London *Truth* says of Lady Bountiful, Mr. Arthur Pinero's new play: "It is a curious, clever, contradictory, unsatisfactory play, but I somehow think it received from our kind friends in front, praise far in excess of its merits, which are not up to those of some of the plays that Mr. Pinero has previously written.

What are you doing, my budding author?
"Sir, I am mainseering a play,
And on the money it costs to produce it"—
Dramatizing tends that way.
Will it succeed, my budding author?"
"Sir, on its merits, I'll stake my life."
"Merits! Rubbish. You must advertise it—
Run away with your manager's wife."

On the morning of April 1st a fire broke out in the residence of Mrs. McKee Rankin in New York. It was a small one, a piece of April foolishness for the firemen, who got there after it was out, but the *Evening Sun* makes the following comment on it: "It is remembered by the superstitious that Mrs. McKee Rankin has lately been playing with Kate Claxton, whom the fire fiend pursues unrelentingly on stage, in hotel, and everywhere since the Brooklyn theater horror. As if that had anything to do with it."

*

From the *Theater Magazine* I clip the following particulars of the great Booth-Barrett combination: "The season began in Buffalo, in September, 1887, the supporting company being one of judiciously selected people, acting together under the stage direction of Mr. Barrett. Such audiences were never known to the theaters of the United States as patronized Booth and Barrett throughout the season. Their unprecedented success is defined by the fact that the profit to the tragedians, above all expenses, was a little in excess of $600,000. The first time that the Booth-Barrett combination came to New York it appeared at the Academy of Music, the only play presented being Julius Cæsar. The next year an engagement was played at the Fifth Avenue Theater, where The Merchant of Venice and Othello were played in sumptuous style. Other plays were given on the road. The next season the two actors were separated, though Mr. Booth was still under Mr. Barrett's management, playing with Mme. Modjeska. In this season Mr. Barrett produced Ganelon in Chicago and in other cities, but was obliged to abandon his tour before reaching New York on account of his health. He had already been to Germany to find a cure for the swellings that appeared on his neck, and now two operations were performed in Boston. These seemed quite successful, and he went to Germany again to recover strength. He returned last summer to arrange for the present season with Mr. Booth. Since the beginning of the New York engagement Mr. Barrett has been seen in fourteen plays, sometimes alone, sometimes with Mr. Booth. These were Ganelon, Francesco da Rimini, Guido Ferranti, Harebell, Yorick's Love, David Garrick, The King's Pleasure, Much Ado About Nothing, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Cæsar, The Merchant of Venice, Othello, Hamlet and Richelieu.

To no one could Barrett's death be a greater blow than to his co-worker and comrade, Edwin Booth. The great tragedian has been very much affected by it, but he must go on and act just the same—entertain others, although his own heart is saddened inexpressibly.

Obsequious Servants.

A lady recently returned from Japan adds another to the many tales of the obsequiousness of a Japanese servant. In leaving the house one day with his nurse, her little son slipped and fell, receiving no injury beyond a few scratches. The nurse upbraided herself in the most extravagant terms, and called down all sorts of dire consequences upon her head. The other servants, to whom the affair was told by the unhappy maid, were equally shocked and outraged, and the jabbering and chattering lasted interminably. For weeks afterward the occurrence was referred to as a dreadful calamity, and the day of its happening served for a long time as a prominent date by which to place other events. It is further stated that the accident was not witnessed by any member of the family. It would never have been known to the boy's mother save for the intense and continued excitement it created.

The Month of Spring.

For Saturday Night.

Winter's reine and ice have gone,
Snowflakes cease to bleach the fields;
Gladsome springtime flecks the lawn
With the violet blue, that yields
Winsome scents, and through the air
Spreading fragrance everywhere.

Gales of surly March that blew
Gruffly in their wanton sport,
Now their cruel mischief rue,
And with zephyrs April court,
Wafting genial warm winds toward
From the reservoirs of God.

Mating birds now build their nest,
Sprouting trees put forth their leaves;
Busy ants the grass infest,
Springs the wheat to grow to sheaves.
Hail this harbinger of spring
Ev'ry conscious, living thing!

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

A Ma Petite Femme.

For Saturday Night.

I would not that my pen forbear
To eulogize thy loveliness:
Those gentle arms, that wavy hair,
Brown little hands—bewitchments rare!
Such coaxing lips, blue eyes. I swear
Antony lov'd his lady less
Than do I thee, dearest care—
My heart-presiding wee Empress.

'Tis not face charms, which fade at best,
I love for most, my Prettiness.
You love so well this snarling pest
Who has you brush his coat, his vest,
Who never gives you any rest—
You have for all a fond caress.
No other such a queen has blest!
My love's thy love's begottenness.

ALEXANDER COPELAND

Rest.

For Saturday Night.

The pretty bubbles that so glad delight
The little urchin boy, their colors bright
Have lost their charm,
For tired of joy he now is fast asleep
The broken pips and bowl lie at his feet.

The golden curls in witching ripples play
Around his forehead, though so far away
In dreamland fair
Is little sleeper, tired of his play,
Tired of sunbeams that cross o'er his way.

Tread softly round the sleeper as he lies,
Who even joy so gladly now defies,
Yes, let him sleep.
Oh could we toilers in a life of care
Forget our sorrow, like the sleeper fair
And rest as sweet.

WELLAND, ONT. MRS. J. ELLIOTT

The Arts.

THE POET.

He heard within his spirit's inmost cell
The troubled music of the world invade,
The tumult of its wrathful passions swell,
Its strife and anguish, not a whit afraid;

For o'er them all the voice he knew so well
Cried, "Sing!" and, as the mandate he obeyed,
The discords melted, and the tumult fell,
The blended notes one Chant of Victory made.

THE MUSICIAN.

Because the windows of his soul were set
Towards those high hills whereon the harps of God
Sound sweet above the earth's perpetual fret,
Like singing birds that soar above the sod,

Therefore, whene'er his fingers touched the keys
Strange voices mingled in the sounds he woke,
As if in those majestic harmonies
Divine intelligences lived and spoke.

THE PAINTER.

He saw the moving forms of earth and sky,
The waste of waters and the mirrored star;
He looked on all things with the open eye
That draws power of vision from afar.

Then gave unto the canvas all he saw,
Not what we see, but what God meant for seeing,
That lay unborn, till one who knew its law
Passed by, and looked, and called it into being.

Vernon Paull in Lippin

The Archangel's Song.

From Faust.

RAPHAEL.

The sun still sings, in ancient tourney
With brother spheres, a rival song;
Fulfilling his predestined journey,
With peals of thunder rolls along.
To look on him, gives angels power,
Though none may sound him, nor his ways:
Beyond our grasp the high works tower
As grand as at the first of days.

GABRIEL.

And round and round the earthly splendor
More swiftly rolls thought's swift flight;
The glow of Paradise 'twill render
And change to awful deeps of night.
The foaming sea in broad floods surges
Up from the ground, the rocks' deep base;
And rocks and sea the swift whirl urges
On in the sphere's eternal race.

MICHAEL.

And storms rush, roaring and contending,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And, raging, form a chain unending
Round all, of deepest energy.
There devastation flames and blazes,
The path where bolts of thunder play;
Yet, Lord, Thy messenger still praises
The gentle progress of thy day.

THE THREE.

To look on these gives angels power,
Though none may sound Thee, nor Thy ways
And all thy high works o'er us tower
As grand as at the first of days.

W. P. ANDREWS in *Atlantic.*

Where the Petticoat is Going.

"Oh, the petticoat is going!"
Thus the dress reformer greets
Dress reformer, and the message
Now is mondaine, too, repeats.
"Yes, the petticoat is going—
Once again to sweep the streets!"

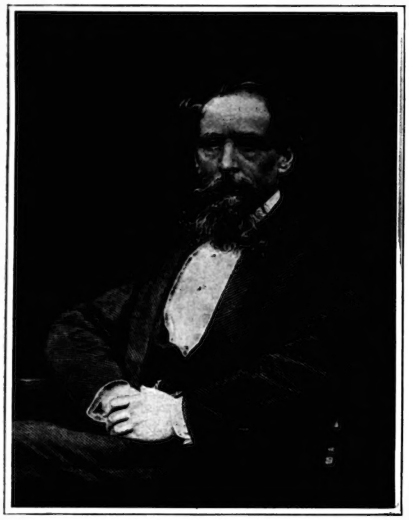
Oh, the petticoat is going!
Fashion's but a fickle jade,
And with extra sails a-flying,
By Reform all undismayed,
So the petticoat is going—
Fast to join the broom brigade!

Wouldn't Take Cold.

She—Don't you feel a draught over there near the window?

He (taking the hint)—I don't know but I do. What would you advise me to do; pull the blind down or move over nearer you?

She—Both.—*Life.*



CHARLES DICKENS.

Born 1812. England. Died 1870.

Author of "David Copperfield," one of the "Best Fifty Books Condensed."

Noted People.

Mr. Justice Jeune enjoys the distinction of being the only judge on the bench who wears a mustache.

The Empress of Austria has determined to wear nothing but mourning in future, and will present the dress which she wore at her daughter's marriage to a church to be used for altar clothes and hangings.

M. Diebler, the French executioner, has accumulated a fortune of 500,000 francs by his skill in working the guillotine. At a recent execution in Paris, he had his little son with him, evidently to give him instruction in the revolting business.

Meissonier was proud of his shapely and delicate hands. He said that his fingers were so sensitive that he could with his eyes shut, lay on the exact amount of color that he wanted on a given spot if somebody placed the point of the brush upon it.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, inspired by strong sympathy and interest in her husband's profession, has recently written, under his supervision, a story scarcely less strange in plot and curious in style than Stevenson's earliest success, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

A rising young artist in water colors is Miss Maud Humphrey, whose work has won her the title of the Kate Greenaway of this country. She began her artistic life poor and comparatively unknown, and the public recognition of her work was entirely due to its merit.

Mrs. Langtry affects pugs, probably in contrast to her own good looks. She has three dogs, and the harness for them is made of embroidered velvet or sealskin, studded with silver nails. She is not particularly fond of her dogs, but has them because it is fashionable.

Becky Brown, of Brown's Ferry, Pennsylvania, has just died at the age of eighty-five, after having run the ferry single-handed for forty years. She was noted in the vicinity for her gingerbread, the recipe for which she kept a secret. She left a large sum of money to her children.

Mrs. Mary Lowell, a practical electrician, has invented a contrivance by which she is enabled to light her kitchen fire from her bedroom. A wire connects her chamber with the kitchen, and pressure upon a knob creates an electric spark that lights the previously prepared kitchen fire.

Apropos of the rumored probable disbandment of the 14th Middlesex Volunteers, better known as the "Inns of Court, or Devil's Own," it may not be generally known that the appellation was bestowed upon them by so high a personage as George III. Erskine was at the time lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and in reply to His Majesty's query as to the composition of the corps, replied, "They are all lawyers, sire." "What? All lawyers? Call them the devil's own."

A pretty story is told of Adelina Patti's treatment of her dependents. A confidential maid, very trustworthy and very ugly, had a birthday anniversary recently, and it became known that the diva intended to celebrate this event. Many presents were purchased, and she insisted beforehand that everyone in the house should kiss the maid. The delighted Caroline was brought in to survey her presents, and she was kissed by every person present, including the great diva herself.

Probably the daughter of the Duke of Portland, Lady Victoria Bentinck, is one of the youngest patrons that ever subscribed her name in an hospital visitors' book. The Duchess made an unexpected call at Mansfield Hospital, Notts, and after distributing flowers and Shetland shawls among the patients, inscribed her name and that of her little daughter. As Lady Victoria was a year old on the 27th of February, the Duchess guided her hand to make a cross at the end of her signature. All the same, "Lady Victoria Bentinck, her mark," will be a pretty little memento in time to come.

It appears that the mother of Claud Ponsonby, who married the beautiful Miss Haller Horwitz, is a lion-hearted, fearless English dame, and sister to the Earl of Bessborough. She is the most ardent champion of Home Rule imaginable, and every year makes a special pilgrimage to Ireland in order to persuade her brother's tenants not to pay their lord his rents. Naturally this throws the earl into tremendous rages, and so great was his wrath on this account, about the time of the wedding, he utterly refused to attend his nephew's nuptials, and sent but a small bronze paper weight to represent him.

The Boston *Post* is the authority for a story to the effect that when the late Mr. Bradlaugh lectured on Cromwell at the Cooper Institute, New York, "he had occasion to describe the warrior-statesman as drawing his sword and throwing away the scabbard. Bradlaugh put his hand to his side and drew the imaginary sword. It was a perfect piece of acting. You could almost see the flashing blade. An old army officer who attended the lecture, said: 'Great Cæsar! that man has been in the cavalry!' Which was true, although several years had elapsed since Bradlaugh had secured his discharge after three years' service."

Young King Alexander of Servia does not lead a very cheerful existence for a lad of fourteen. Nearly all his time is spent in hard study, with military exercises for recreation. He is going gradually through the training for each grade of the army, and has only just been promoted to be corporal. Every afternoon he drives in the park, and his carriage often passes that of Queen Natalie; but mother and son merely smile and drive on without exchanging a word. When King Milan accompanied his son and they met the Queen's carriage, the ex-husband and wife turned ostentatiously away from each other, and the poor young king, anxious to offend neither parent, stared straight before him with a most melancholy expression.

Fashions of '92.

De Dude—Ah, mah good man, do you make trousahs wide or narrow now?

Fashionable Cutter—All depends 'on th' legs, sir; the less leg, th' more trousers, sir.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

His Dinner Ruined.

Riggs—How do you suppose the idea arose that thirteen at table is unlucky?

Bronson—Probably an invention on the part of the poor fellow who had to carve and wanted to eat.

'Varsity Chat.

At the last meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society the following officers were elected: President W. J. Loudon, B.A., demonstrator in physics; vice-president, G. F. Hull; secretary-treasurer, R. S. Strath; corresponding secretary, E. B. Merril; councillors, W. McQueen, H. A. Moore and J. McKechnie. The members of the society intend to have a number of the papers read during the past year published for distribution. Mathematical men are an odd lot. They seem to take more pleasure out of their work than any other body of students and still some students, *e. g.*, modern language men, think mathematics too dry for anything. The fact is that mathematicians are born, not made, and men who do not take kindly by nature to problems can never school themselves into a proper appreciation of the poetic interpretation of mathematics. There is nothing which delights a mathematical man so much as to be asked to solve a problem, even though it be years since he has left college. A problem "thrown at him" will cause him to smile and set to work to solve it. I never yet saw a mathematician become angry for being asked to work a question. The work is music to his soul and he enjoys it with a calmness and serenity which make less fortunate mortals envious.

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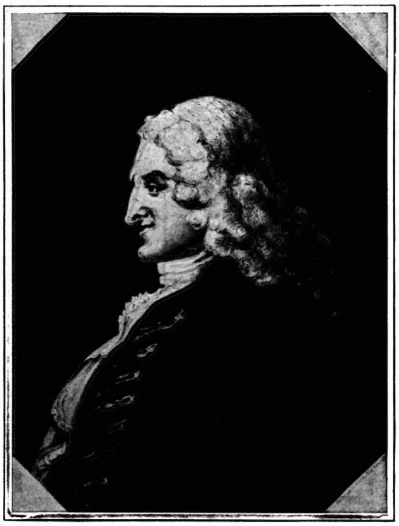
Subscriptions to the amount of $4,360 have been received by the Young Memorial Committee for the purpose of founding a post-graduate scholarship in mental and moral philosophy in memory of the late Prof. George Paxton Young. Of the amount subscribed $2,333 has been paid, and a marble bust of the late professor is being purchased at a cost of $750. Renewed efforts are being made to raise $10,000 for the purpose of founding the scholarship. The graduates and undergraduates who are students of philosophy, hope that their appeal for subscriptions will not be in vain. By common report philosophers are not men of wealth, but then, what would wealth be without philosophy? How could the rich philosophy would explain away his troubles; man endure his poverty unless philosophy were waiting for the results of the examination, the annual dinner, so they gave the arts men rest neither day nor night. Peace now reigns within the walls of the college and the arts men are studying hard for their examinations, which begin on May 1.

DRAX ALEEN.



HENRY FIELDING.

Born 1707. England. Died 1754.

Author of "Tom Jones," one of the "Best Fifty Books Condensed."

man endure his riches unless and also, how could the poor pointed out the blessings of stern frugality?

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The members of the Natural Science Association met for the last time this session on Friday of last week, and elected the following officers for the year 1891-92: President, J. J. McKenzie B.A.; first vice-president, E. C. Jeffrey, B.A.; second vice-president, F. J. Smale; secretary, W. A. Parks; treasurer, F. B. Allen; curator, W. J. Knox; councillors, W. L. Y. Addison, J. Dent, and Miss Balmer. The growth, or rather, development of this association has been rapid, and its members are accordingly in good spirits. In itself it seems to illustrate the doctrine of evolution; its beginning was weak and feeble but by gradual development it has reached its present condition.

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The report of the examinations in connection with Knox College showed that there were many scholarship men, which is to say that the college appears to be endowed with a large number of scholarships, and as they are offered for competition it is quite natural that they should be awarded to successful students. The arts men are highly pleased now that the theological men have gone out to the mission fields for the summer. When the "Theologs" completed their examination they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves while they the closing exercises, and

BENJAMIN R. DAVENPORT.

Born Savannah, Ga.

Editor of "The Best Fifty Books of the Greatest Authors, Condensed for Busy People."

Art and Artists.

The Ontario Society of Artists are having prepared by Mr. J. A. Radford an illustrated catalogue for their 1891 spring exhibition. Many of the artists are executing their own sketches on lithographic transfer paper, which, no doubt, will ensure a goodly number of fine drawings from works of the most celebrated Canadian artists. The size of the proofs will be 3 1-16x4¼ inches and 4¼x6⅞ inches for a full page, and artists must forward such sketches to J. A. Radford not later than April 24. As this is the first venture of the society in that direction they should all put their shoulder to the wheel and make it a thorough success.

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It is interesting to Canadians to know that Mrs. Digman of this city carried off honors in the recent exhibition in New York.

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A fine set of eight original drawings by the late George Catermole has just been presented by Mr. Felix Joseph to the new South London Art Gallery, Portland House, Peckham road, which will be opened to the public on May 4. This praiseworthy institution owes its existence to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. William Rossiter.

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The friends of Mr. Carl Ahrens will be glad to know that he is again able to be about after his long illness. Mr. Ahrens will not be able to contribute a great deal to next month's exhibition, but his work will probably, as usual, attract notice.

Relief At Hand.

Dobson (at 12.15 a.m., after a four hours' call)—Ain't you glad summer's coming, Miss Warren?

Miss Warren (who has been nerving up to it)—Yes, I am, Mr. Dobson, though you'll have to excuse me. We always go to Newport then.—*Life.*

A Splendid Idea.

It is a lamentable though perhaps not surprising fact, that very many of the people whom we meet know nothing of literature. This most delightful of knowledges (as Lord Bacon used the word) has been hitherto closed to most of our busy citizens. In the hurry and bustle of making a living it is let go by. In view of this fact a Buffalo firm, fittingly called the 19th Century Book Concern, has taken hold of the idea of Mr. Benjamin R. Davenport, whose portrait is given on this page, and under his editing has issued a work, in which the best fifty books published in the English language, are condensed into one. The work consists of a sketch of each book, telling the story, if there is one, with copious extracts, giving the reader a clear idea of the book, and a portrait and biographical note of the author.

Of course this condensation of all the fifty books is not worth the individual uncondensed edition of many of the books included. But the work is intended chiefly to enlarge the subjects of the conversation of busy people, and is dedicated to the self-made man.

With such a purpose and for such an audience, the list is of course largely taken up by works of fiction, and most of the masterpieces of the novelists from Daniel Defoe to General Lew Wallace, are given, the most noticeable omission being that of George Eliot's Adam Bede.

In the six works of poetry sketched, four of the masterpieces of the world's poetry are represented, Homer's Iliad, Shakespeare's plays, Dante's Inferno, and Milton's Paradise Lost, a most regrettable omission being that of Goethe's Faust, a garbled and imperfect impression of which is in the minds of nearly everybody. Famous books, like Boccaccio's Decamerone, and De Quincy's Opium Eater are also sketched; and sketches of Macaulay's and Herbert Spencer's Essays are a good feature. On the whole, the work is a praiseworthy one, and though it may not entirely commend itself to the intellectual person, it is eminently fitted for the purpose which it professes.

No Denying It.

"What I like about Kipling is a certain freshness. A—."

"Yes, said the man who had been reading his American notes, "he's pretty darn fresh."

GEORGE SAND.

Born 1804. France. Died 1876.

Author of "Consuelo," one of the "Best Fifty Books Condensed."

DURANTE ALIGHIERI DANTE.

Born 1265. Italy. Died 1321.

Author of "Inferno," one of the "Best Fifty Books Condensed."

THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

CHAPTER XX.

OLD HARDMAN'S BOY.

December storms and gales gave place, as the weeks went by, to late January, and the world was white with snow and heavy, very cold. As hard a winter, people said, as the autumn had been dark.

Old Hardman shivered over his low fire evenings, with his elder lad hand, and his niece taunting him now and then, when the mood was upon her, with his fear and his weakness. He was falling somewhat, lately, hard of hearing, with no trace of life's snow upon him, no hint of life's beauty or softness of the days when the Now stands upon the Then and the Hereafter. He still clutched as eagerly the gain that came to him, and chuckled over his shrewdness and the sharpness of the woman in his house, and sulkered and shriveled and trembled more and more as the weeks slipped away.

The new man got along as well as could be expected with his hard master and his greedy mistress. His fellow-workers, at first suspicious of him, kept aloof from him until, by his utter good humor and apparent unconsciousness of any ill feeling toward himself, he brought them to a better state of mind, although still they did not make as free with him or when he was with them as among themselves. Of this, however, the man made no complaint, and whistled as cheerily about his work or trudged on as steadily as any man of stolid, easy habit of thought should do. If his comrades would not make free with him, he could dispense with them. He did his work as though he were the best liked of the four; for old Hardman's boy was counted as one of them.

The boy was slender, sixteen or thereabouts, his hard life leaving room for certainty as to that; and there was that in his manner and face that proved he was cowed by brutality and rendered fearful by blows. There was nothing ill-favored about him, save his wan face and habitual look of fear. His eyes were bright, though they kept furtive watch continually, lest some chance mistake should bring upon him a prompt punishment. His smile would have been good to see, were it not that when it crossed his lips—it was seldom, in truth—it was more sad than pathetic, and made his thin face such as would cause a good woman's heart to ache.

His companions gave little heed to him, at best. They grumbled at him when things went wrong, because he was young and helpless and would take their abuse meekly. Even when he did not force his presence upon them in such moods, they got on with him well enough. This was until the new man came upon the farm.

Tom Day, the boy's name was, and he and John King, the new man, "yoked together," the other men said, pretty fair for a crown man and a little chap. Why this was, who could tell? The new man practiced no arts upon the boy; he took almost as little notice of him as the others; but if chance or their work brought them together, perhaps he spoke more kindly to him, or helped him when it was possible and his work was hard or dangerous. Some men were foolish enough to do such things, and this man might be one of them. So long as he did not interfere with them, what had they to say?

This man came upon the boy, one day, struggling with the work of cutting up a heavy load of rough wood drawn in from the woods and left until winter brought lighter work and an opportunity to set one of the men at work upon it. It was particularly hard work, and too severe for such young arms, weakened as they were from scant living and abuse, and the boy was doing his best, with a downcast face, when this man came upon him. He was a rough man and used to rough life but his eyes flashed as he came up, and a frown was upon his face, that disappeared ere he addressed the other.

"Always hard at work, Tom," he said, cheerily, shrugging his shoulders with meaning significance. "Eh, but it's a hard life at best, lad, and those as works us poorer ones will some time, may be, learn it. Give a hand here, there with that. It's too heavy for you to manage alone."

"Oh, no!" The boy looked up, frightened, and wiped with one ragged sleeve the perspiration from his flushed and heated face. It was in mid-winter and the snow lay thick upon the ground, but his work keep one hot, indeed, as his master had told him with immense satisfaction, chuckling, when he set him upon it, "I'd never do—never, Mr. King, that!" with a suggestive nod backward toward the house. "set me to it, an' he'd never let no one help me; 'tain't his way. You know master. He's may be kind enough, but he won't let you help you when once he's said fer you to do some'at. It is good of you, Mr. King; but I wouldn't dare."

The big man laughed roughly, and his eyes twinkled with some inner appreciation of the situation, for he walked up and took the saw from the boy's hand without any authority.

"Now when I say that I'll do a thing, it most generally happens that I do it, lad," he said, grimly; "and it's best for those in my way to let me alone for doing it! If old Hardman has any fault to find about my sawing this wood, let him come along and tell me so. I think I can settle with him tolerably sudden. Such work as this isn't for such arms as yours, and as long as Jack Kings gets about these parts you're not going to do it, either! Do you suppose I'm afraid of old Hardman—or that woman? Humph!" His big broad shoulders he met to shrug of themselves like the powerful shoulders of some massive dog. "If you have any such notion, you may as well get rid of it now. Let him say his say when he's of a mind, and then I'll say mine! I'd as lief have it done now as any time. And mind this, lad;" he rested for a moment upon the huge saw and placed one heavy boot upon the log of wood before him, his keen eyes upon the shrinking boy, who always attained to some degree of dignity when, in his presence, there was something so big and quiet and powerful about him. "If ever you're afraid of the consequences of such an encounter between old Hardman and Jack King, I'll invite you along to see the proceeding, wherever it takes place! Jack King's seen maybe more such men—or make-shifts for men—than ever you've seen in your whole living days! And—there—ain't one—such—as he is afraid of!"

With this strong assertion the big man took down his big boot with special deliberation, hauled up the saw in his muscular arms and setting it upon the exact spot upon which he began operations, set to with a will that left nothing for the boy to do but look on and admire.

Winter moved along with snow and rough winds and hard weather. Cold, very, very cold, the old man often muttered, crouching over the fire, his hands extended to the warmth that was wanting, his eyes narrowing and contracting whenever a louder gust of wind than usual swept around the house and whirled at the corners or shrilled in a ghostly fashion at the windows, rattling them, shaking them like angry hands mad to enter, mad to tear the crouching, shivering, shriveled man into atoms in its wrath.

Perhaps the wind knew more than any one of the silent figures so shadowy in his night's darkness close to that window nearest the two over their faint fire—near the window where the chink in the shade left room for an intent eye to watch what went on.

A hard, cold winter, the old man muttered often and often, crouching so with the hard woman, apparently unmindful of heat or cold, beside him.

Their conversations were as brief and keen for their own knowing as ever. The woman, in her hard, harsh strength, taunted the old, weak, grasping man, who would sell his soul for added gold or sets, and whose one delay seemed that some night, when the wintry winds were wild and the world was locked in ice, cut of the night some ghastly form would creep, and creep nearer and nearer and nearer through those dense woods toward the village where the murdered man lay upon the snow under the crisp November sky, now covered with the down of the northern world, and so coming out from darkness into the darkness of the old house, should find him crouching over the dying fire alone, and, with its powerful arm uplifted, strike him, as that other man was struck, by a bullet swift as thought.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TERRIFIED WHISPER.

So the winter went on, and it was nearly spring again and the cold did not so intensely creep into the bare kitchen to chill the old man. Every day was as the day before and as the day to come, so far as unobservant eyes could see. Hard life for men; hard life for master and mistress; hard life for the boy slowly wasting to some end of life under the new friend's care. Perhaps the silent figure never tiring in its silent watch at the window when night set darkness upon the world, heard and saw things others could not know; but if so, all things went on smoothly and silently and uneventfully as ever.

Tom, the boy, was a disgrace with his master, and, like all under him, was continually under distrust and dislike. He had not drunken with the men, "given in" to drink the day, and many blows fell to his lot and much abuse be-sides. His friend was not by at the time, and the unprovoked attack had the usual silence the treatment that had lightened lately for him. But when the day was over and work was done with until morning, the big man came upon the hidden corner of hay in the loft, where he was gone for the night's feed for the cattle—sobbing with a boy's grief and with the bitterness of helplessness over the day's harshness. The big man, rough though he was, was gentle with this lad at such a time. Now he made no exclamation that might by chance be overheard and so betray their confidence; but he knelt down at the poor fellow's side and laid his heavy hand in the remarkable lightness upon his shoulder.

"Eh, Tom, lad," he said, softly, his eyes burning with some inner thought—"eh, Tom, it's a bitter world a man lives in. But what's amiss now? You can tell it to me. Something to do with that old brute?"

The boy covered more and more in the fragrant, dry hay, over which the cattle would soon stand, with their heavy breathing and their solid eyes, as though life to them were a mystery, too. Then he lifted his convulsed face to this strange friend beside him in the darkness of the barn, and put timidly out one rough hand, as though even this rough man's sympathy were the gentleness of angels to him in his solitary life or hardship.

"Hush!" he whispered, so hoarsely the man bent to catch his words. "Hush, Mr. King! 'Ssh! Tain't safe to breathe hereabouts. Maybe you don't know that if master caught you or any one else speaking to me, he'd—"

The horrified voice died off in silence, as though its very terror stifled sound. The man laughed, but in the same hushed manner as that in which the boy spoke. He might be brave, but he was no fool. Then he bent lower over the crouching figure beside him in the hay, and feeling certain that they were alone and beyond observation, took up his lantern, which he had placed carefully in a safe corner, and turning on the bull's eye, flashed it upon the face of his companion.

A pallid, terrified, rather ghastly face this that met his sight. The slim figure shivering, as though with the cold which filled the old man over his fire muttered. The rough hands were clasped tightly together and pressed down upon his breast, as though so either to still forever its throbbing or hush the daring words upon his lips. A face, once seen, always to remain upon one's memory. But the man, as he stood, only allowed a grim smile to stir his lips, his eyes flashing like gleams of fire through the strange darkness around them. Then he closed with a click the shining eye of this silent friend of his, and setting it carefully back in its safe corner, laid his hand upon the trembling boy's head.

"Now, Tom," he said, very distinctly, though still in a whisper, and scarcely moving his lips, the sound seeming to come in some strange fashion through his set teeth, though still the distinct voice was not touched by any excitement—"now, Tom, lad, you give over this trembling because I happened to speak to the old man in those terms. Maybe I ain't special in love with him myself, and maybe I am. There is something on your mind, Tom, lad, that maybe I don't guess and maybe I do. Tell it me—it's the only way—and I'll help you out as best I can. I'm only a rough chap at best, but I can well. Don't you go to being afraid of me, Tom, lad! We're comrades, you and me, Tom. Tell it me—do!"

And then, as though some good angel were bending above the homeless, lonely, ill used boy, he started up in the strange darkness and silence of the barn and crossed his companion's hands as though he he would keep fast hold of his new courage, and with a vehemence startling in one so cowed, his wan face quivering—could his friend but know—half terror, half daring in his wild eyes, he cried beneath his breath:

"You're the only one man has ever been good to me since—since—he died, Mr. John, an' I'll tell you; but—" Again that quivering and paling and terror and a horrified glance backward into the darkness of the barn—once more if only the man could have seen—"Lord—Mr. John!—if they had heard me breathe it or dreamed that I knowed—they'd kill me, too! They'd kill me, they would!"

CHAPTER XXII.

WHO WAS HE?

A man sat in the waiting-room of the depot at Nyack one Sunday evening. It was rather lonely at night in that portion of the town, and few people on the street. The safest time of the twenty-four hours, if one wished to pass unobserved.

The man was a stranger, too. He came up from the city on the 8 45 train; he must wait until the 9 15 train to return to the city that night. He was a tall man, walking the aisle of some one whom he expected momently, his thoughts were so swift that time went by almost unnoticed. Already he had spent some half-hour or so, but with apparent indifference on his part. He wore a heavy spring overcoat, for the night was in April, and the chill was not unknown in the city, perhaps to keep off the chill of the night, partly to hide the lower part of his face, the signature of his identity, he feared, being a glimpse caught now and then as he moved unceasily, of a carefully kept black beard and mustache. His hat, pulled low over his eyes, hid them effectually, and that part of his face left unhidden by the coat collar. He was tall and slow of movement when he presently rose and walked to the door, peeping up and down the platform; a man used to an easy sort of life, one would think, watching him.

Dozen such figures as this he muttered, impatiently, as he stood looking into the night. "If they break their agreement, or if he"—a dark frown upon the heavy black brows, as for one instant he lifted the slouching hat, as though to ease the excitement—"if he should have bought them over, or worked upon their cowardice or credulity—But what's the use of fretting? They'll come, doubtless, in good time. Give a man his time and he'll do almost anything."

He broke off here, too, for this train of thought would end in the old adage of the man certain to hang himself if given his own time and length enough of rope. It was anything but a pleasant thought, and he was not fond of unpleasant thoughts or unpleasant occurrences. So he shrugged his shoulders, and meeting his threat with down in the wide collar of his coat and thrusting his hands in his pockets, walked slowly up and down the room, not deigning to keep up an enlivening whistle to chase away the blues.

"She little thought I was behind her carriage when she drove up here that day." muttered the man, his black eyes glaring exultantly. "Perhaps she would not have felt so secure had she known of it. She always distrusted me, I believe. Even with no cause. If she could know what cause she has at present, she might be a trifle more unhappy than she is. It's a deuce of a thing, though, knowing that if these fellows peach on me—that's vulgar, but it's what they call it—things 'll turn out against me, instead of her; but so long as there is a chance to hurt her I will never go back; I fear it is too late to go back.

"And these men," added the man, the whole tone falling faintly off and scarcely dying utterly out, "are such rough fellows, they'd never think twice of turning against one if there were more money to be made on the other side. They have as little conscience as I, and that is little enough." He laughed softly and low, as though even laughter were unsafe to venture in that place. "They would as lief swear a man's life away for a small roll of bills as they would eat a dinner. and I know they are never over fed. I would give considerable if they would make their appearance, however—But the heavens be praised, they are coming."

Two men, these newcomers. Both were slouching in gait and dressed roughly. They were evidently used to rough life and rough ways, as the man said. They glanced at him, this other man, who stood apart from them insensibly by his very attitude of hauteur, himself unconscious of this, though more in his soul he may have been but their equal.

"Well!" this man said, angrily, as he paused, confronting them, his black eyes flashing upon them beneath his low-set hat. "You've come at last, have you? Perhaps you imagine that I have nothing to do but wait in this deuced hole for you? Well, I'm not enough coming this distance to please you, anyway. What do you want with me? Come, out with it, will you!"

He was either very angry or very well versed in assuming, though his voice was low and his words indistinct to one beyond the room, unless one were listening steadily, as this man remained stolid. What had they to do with excitement or high words when their lives were so monotonous and endless?

"Couldn't help it, boss," one of them said, sullenly. His eyes went stealthily from the man's face, with their keen suspicion, to the well polished boots, and from there to sweep the room and linger longest in dark corners or out at the windows, as though there might be that in the night beyond that would stir even his sluggish blood. Then he shifted from one foot to the other restlessly, wishing his errand were well over and he beyond those brilliant eyes and the mystery around the tall stranger.

"Couldn't help it, indeed!" retorted the man, scornfully, striding from them and apparently regardless whether or no the men followed him. But he knew very well that they dared do nothing strange or to stepped back to avoid him. "He said 't he seen it done—t he were on ther very spot hisself, but dasent let 'em know it! They'd ha' had to kill him too, of they found out thet he seen it all done."

"Speak out!" muttered the stranger, falling back still farther from the man. "Man, speak out! Tell the rest—there is more to tell! And then—"

"We had to be very quiet, me an' Jim," said the man, glancing back instinctively over his shoulder, as though that strange, ghostly figure hovered in the shadows, ready to follow even in those streets of the town, and strike him down, with its powerful right arm. "It'd hev done no good to ha' let ther world know thet we was there was no tellin' what this feller'd hev done of we had. So we scarcely darst to move or breathe, an' kept list'nin'. Ther boy kept quiet, mostly, leastways, as he didn't speak more'n jest above a whisper, an' if we hadn't a knowed they was there, we could 'a' never found 'em.

"Ther boy went over ez near ez we could catch o' what he said—word fer word, ther whole thing, even thet he didn't dare breathe to his father ez he was a prisoner, fer fear they'd kill him, too! They hadn't been overmuch kind to him, an' he was a-feared o' them. Well, it ain't no use talkin' ther whole, he'd give this other feller evidence 'nough ter clear up ther whole thing, an' ther feller's one ter do it. Besides that, ther boy knowed fer sartin how ther old man 'd grinded an' grinded his father down till he died, an' so got away ther farm 'an took him only 'cause he feared he'd peach of he did'nt. Well, ther boy kept quiet, mostly. Oh, he's a precious feller—that boy! But ther man, he kept him quiet-like, an' by an' by they got down out ther hay-loft, an we saw ther 'noun off when they come out! But," here the rough voice grew slower still, and it sounded as though he were emphasizing each word with one hard hand, "ther boy's thinkin' to say, boss. This feller ken bring outen ther whole thing straight an' true, unless he's stopped in ther jail. An, why?" Again this strong, slow emphasis. "Because he 's one o' them detective fellers sent up from the city by—ther prisoner's lawyer."

The visitor turned to the men beside him with sudden, desperate determination.

"You are speaking the truth?" he asked, sternly. "You and your companion are willing to swear that what you tell me is true? That this boy and this man hold facts ready for the telling, that will prove our useless work, and leave us nothing to do but take ourselves off the scene as gracefully as is in our power? If you can tell me, men, that you are in a towering rage, and the men shrank from him, feeling the desperation upon him at this unfortunate moment of his life, when perhaps for the first time his strongest effort failed—"if you have dared trifle with me—"

"It's ther truth, boss," said the man who carried on the conversation up to this point. "It's the gospel truth. Me and Jim can swear it's ther truth."

The tall stranger conquered his passion by a powerful will, and, still grasping the railing, stood up erect before them, his figure faintly descried in the thick shadow, save where the lamp-light fell upon the upturned face across the darkness, "then there is but one thing to be done—we must get this fellow out ther way and keep him so until such time as we think best for him to return. I will dare anything—anything now, if you stand true to me. I have gone too far to go back, even though such weakness would tempt me to do so."

"Yes, I think you have—gone quite too far, my gentleman!" muttered a voice at "ver man," standing silently for a moment in the deepest shadow just at the right of the railing, listening to the retreating footsteps of the conspirators as they passed down the street in the direction of the station, the two spies leaving the tall man at one of the cross streets, to re-enter the station and wait the coming of the down-train, alone. "A mighty slight too far, my friend, and it appears to me that you will be watched!"

And he, too, with marvelous patience, waited on the side platform at the station for the train that should carry from the quiet town two passengers instead of but one.

(To be Continued.)

Chappie—I lost my head completely last night.

Maud—Indeed. I don't notice any difference in you.

She Followed Instructions.

A Detroiter who returned from Buffalo the other day, decided to walk to his home on Adams avenue.

After getting up to Ford street, he discovered that he was being followed by an old woman with a valise. He made two or three turns, and as she continued to follow, and at the same time appeared to be a stranger to the route, he halted and asked:

"Madam, can I assist you?"

"Not as I knows of," she replied.

"But you seemed to be following me."

"Well, when I got off the train the conductor told me to follow the crowd and I'd be all right, so I took after you. Hope you'll make a little after this, for I'm almost out of breath."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Equal to the Occasion.

A lady, on entering the kitchen early one morning, saw a plate and knife and fork, the former of which had evidently contained cold rabbit pie. The lady at once suspected a certain policeman of having supped off it, and the following conversation took place between her and the cook:

Mistress—Mary, what's become of the cold rabbit pie that was left.

Cook—Oh, I didn't think it was needed, mum, so I gave it to the cat.

Mistress (sarcastically)—Does the dog use a knife and fork, then?

Cook (unabashed)—Not very well yet, mum; but I'm teachin' him to.

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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Aches they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Dolly's Story.

"Would you like to go for a ride with the others after luncheon, my dear?"

It is Lady Whitestone who speaks, in her soft caressing tones, to unhappy me. I say "unhappy," for the eyes of all at the table are turned upon my wretched self, noting my confusion.

I have been staying at Whitestone Manor for a week, and until now have held my own fairly well. I know the women hate me; for my mirror tells me how fair I am, and the men are at my feet all day long.

"Pride, Dolly," my aged aunt Jane used to say, when sometimes reproving my insatiable vanity—"pride must have a fall!" And now I fear the truth of this ancient adage is likely to be proved, for I cannot ride. As a little child, I shrieked with fright when my donkey ventured to trot mildly; and age seems to increase rather than diminish the feeling of timidity I experienced when in close proximity to even the most docile animals. Here every man rides as naturally as he eats, sleeps, or walks, and all the girls in the house are at home in the saddle. During the past week I have been enthusiastically applauded whenever I have condescended to dance, sing, or play tennis; but now, I think to myself, my short day is over. I know the contempt in which all who cannot sit well in a saddle are held; I have had plenty of opportunities of hearing the words of condemnation showered upon one poor fellow who confessed that he was no horseman; and I certainly am no horsewoman. I cannot feign illness, for I have never looked better in my life; nor can I offer an excuse on the ground of having important letters to write, as I have already spent the morning so employed.

While I am hesitating, my eyes rest upon my greatest enemy—a handsome dark girl whose chosen admirer has swerved in his allegiance to her since my appearance on the scene. She is smiling a happy, triumphant smile, for she knows I cannot ride. Now is the hour of my downfall—and she will see it. The sight of her face makes me forget everything but my pride, and I resolve that I will accept Lady Whitestone's suggestion at any cost.

"Thank you—I shall be delighted!" I say, in a tone that is meant to be nonchalant, but which I know is rather tremulous.

We are all standing on the steps waiting to mount, each lady with her attendant cavalier. I have two, and, what is worse, they are the two best horsemen of the party. These two men are politely contending as to which shall be my escort. I decide on the meekest looking of the two—he will not be so annoyed at my incompetency, I think to myself, with a feeling of despair.

The horses—splendid animals, well groomed, with skins shining like satin in the noonday sun—paw the ground, and look to me like so many instruments of destruction.

"You must have a good mount," observes my smiling escort; "I will take care of that. I know you ride well—just the sort of girl to do so!"—and he smiles benignly at me.

For a moment I am tempted to throw myself upon his mercy, and confess that I am just the girl who cannot do so; but how can I when every one is looking and listening? No, I will die first! The next moment we are mounted and cantering away.

"Let us keep behind," I said to my cavalier. "I hate being smothered with dust—don't you?"

Of course he agrees politely, although there is not the slightest sign of any dust. He is looking at me—admiringly, I hope, for if so, he will be the more lenient when I presently disgrace myself. I fall into a reverie as we jog on quietly after the rest. After all, I reflect thankfully, it is not so bad. How foolish I was to be so nervous! It is nothing when you get accustomed to it; and, with genuine feeling, I pat my horse's neck affectionately. As I do a voice arouses me.

"Suppose we go across country here, Miss Raymond? I know a short cut. This is tame work, is it not?"

Across country! That means riding wildly through interminable fields, flying over stone walls, up hill and down dale, clearing hedges and ditches. Ah, well, I can die only once! I tell myself resignedly, so I agree. I am thankful for small mercies, and rejoice to think that he will be the only witness of my sorry downfall. But, even if I congratulate myself on that score, Georgie Aherne, my old enemy, and Mr. Lake rein in their horses, and in a moment are beside us.

"You must not have all the fun to yourself, Miss Raymond," Georgie cries gaily—"we are going across country too!"

"The more the merrier!" I return, with a smiling face and sinking heart.

We break into a smart trot; and in the next minute we are in a large meadow bounded by a tiny stream. My horse is fresh, and, as he feels the turf, he gradually increases his pace. I clutch the pommel furtively; but the others swing along easily—Georgie Aherne first. Presently her horse leaps lightly over the brook, and she turns to watch me, laughing merrily.

"Now, Miss Raymond, give him his head!" cries my cavalier encouragingly. "I will give you a lead;" and over the brook he goes.

My horse, a famous jumper, requires no whip or spur; in a second he has followed, and I am flying through the air; then, with a dull thud, I come to the ground.

I remember no more for a long time; then I open my eyes, to find all the group whispering and fussing around me with very long faces. As I recollect what has happened, I suddenly burst into laughing loudly and merrily.

"Am I alive?" I ask. "I deserve to be dead! Aunt Jane was right—'Pride must have a fall.'"

It is the day after my luckless expedition on horseback. I am lying on a luxurious sofa in Lady Whitestone's boudoir, having just had a polite passage-of-arms with Georgie Aherne. I am now resting peacefully, feeling stiff and sore all over, but otherwise not much the worse for my adventure; and, as I get unlimited petting, I am certainly not much to be pitied. The men behaved very well; not one word was uttered when our ride was alluded to—and I watched them closely. Presently the door opens gently and a dark head appears.

"May I come in, Miss Raymond?" a full rich voice murmurs, while the speaker, taking permission for granted, is already half way across the room.

Of course he may come in! Have I not been secretly watching and wishing for him all the morning? Have I not made this toilette especially for his benefit? He told me once that he liked women to be dressed in white or black—nothing else; and I now wear a spotless white robe, a large crimson rose at the throat being my sole adornment.

I am vexed that I cannot keep the tell-tale crimson from my cheeks. What will he think of me, blushing like an overgrown schoolgirl or shy *debutante*? However, he sits down upon a low chair at my side, and asks me very affectionately how I am.

"Very cross, thank you!" I say. "I have had three quarrels already this morning, and feel just ready for another."

"What a little vixen!" he exclaims, laughing. "And pray what has vexed your highness?"

"Everything," I rejoin, "but chiefly Georgie Aherne. I simply loathe that girl! Fancy her having the impertinence to tell me this morning that she would teach me how to ride! For Ever!"—and I hold my small nose high in the air at the memory of this last and crowning insult.

"Never mind her," he says soothingly; "she knows she can't sing it, and, what is worse, she knows you can."

I am delighted with this piece of flattery, and begin to feel happier and more amiable.

"Let us go out," I suggested—"I am tired of the house, we will go and gather some peaches."

He agrees gaily, and we step out through the low French window into the beautiful garden. We wander through shady walks into the large fruit garden, where, having reached our goal, we leisurely inspect each peach tree in order to find out which is the best.

We are just beginning to enjoy our *al-fresco* little feast, when the silence is broken by a voice which I recognize as Georgie's.

"Hide!" I cry. "Don't let her find us—she would spoil all my enjoyment!"—and I creep between two tall rows of currant bushes.

My companion can do no less than follow my example, though the proceeding is much more difficult matter, for he is over six feet high.

While we are crouching down, I hear a voice say with unmistakable clearness:

"Yes, Mr. Lake, Miss Raymond is a flirt of the worst type—a girl who encourages all men simply for the sake of amusement and then throws them over. She is trying to catch Colonel Dalton now, as she did young Hore, who, foolish boy, died of a broken heart when she tired of him. I know it for a fact."

. . . . . .

The sun is gilding the old brick wall and kissing the velvety peaches lovingly; from the distant wood come the soft cooing notes of the pigeon. But where am I? Far away, holding a lad's hand in mine. We are weeping bitterly, he and I, for he is dying a lingering, painful death. He loves me passionately, and I am heart-broken with pity and sorrow for the beautiful golden-haired fellow upon whom the dark shadow of death has fallen. All through the stately home there is weeping, for the sole remaining hope and joy of a noble race is passing to the land from which there is no returning. With bowed head, I am crying now, the cruel sadness and sorrow are brought very vividly before me.

"Do not weep so bitterly," a tender voice is saying beside me—"it distresses me so! Surely you will not let her spiteful words annoy you!"

Colonel Dalton raises me gently to my feet as he speaks, and, still holding my hand, caresses my bowed head softly.

"What is it?" he whispers. "Tell me!"

"I had forgotten—I had forgotten!" I cry wildly. "How could I be so cruel! It is all true, every word she said! He loved me so, my poor fond boy, and he is dead—gone forever out of this beautiful world. Oh, how heartless I am!"—and the tears flow forth afresh.

Then other words of Georgie's recur to me, and, blushing vividly, I push away my companion's hands; and, before he can recover from his surprise, I am running with swift feet towards the house.

. . . . . .

It is six hours later, and I am supposed to be reading in the easiest of chairs in my own room. All the afternoon I have remained in hiding, and I am now considering whether I shall appear at the dinner-table to-night. I have a good excuse for keeping in my room, for I had a severe shaking yesterday; and, as I recall the cruel words I overheard in the garden, I shudder at the thought of having to meet Colonel Dalton again. Then my eyes fill with tears, for he is to leave to-morrow, and I may never see him again. "Oh, I could not bear it!" I decide; and, resolving not to speak to him, I rise with renewed energy to dress.

I tell Jeanette I will wear nothing but black to-night, for the memory of my boy-lover is strong with me still. So, robed in a delicate black lace dress, diamonds gleaming in my hair, on my arms, and at my throat, I stand before the large mirror surveying myself critically, while Jeanette with deft fingers puts the finishing touches to my toilette.

"Ma'm'selle looks sweet to night!" she cries, when she declares me ready. "Such hair as hers wants no ornaments—it is a glory!"

I look at my reflection, and see a small pale face crowned with soft brown hair, large grey eyes with signs of recent tears about them, and a slight figure in black, with snowy arms and neck, on which diamonds flash and gleam with every movement. Then I smile at dear old Jeanette's flattery and go downstairs.

Very quietly I ensconce myself in the recess of a huge window in the large drawing-room, and remain so completely hidden that, were it not for despised Tom Dallas's seeking and finding me, I should most probably go without dinner. As it is, we go in at last, and find ourselves placed near kind Sir Reginald and far from the disturbers of my peace.

I know that Miss Aherne is flirting desperately with a cavalryman; and I can just see Colonel Dalton sitting far away on the opposite side of the table, having for his companion a stout elderly lady. I feel strangely comforted, and smile so generously upon the ill-used Mr. Dallas that he becomes quite incoherent. A very pretty girl is sitting on Colonel Dalton's left; and now he turns to her, and is evidently making himself very agreeable, for she smiles most radiantly.

I wonder what he can be saying, and strain my ears, utterly regardless of my neighbor's chatter, to catch the words. "Lake" and "boating by moonlight"—that is all I can hear. Can he be asking her to go for a row on this last evening of his visit?

My eyes suddenly fill with tears, and I bend my head hurriedly to hide them. Then Lady Whitestone gives the signal, and I escape further observation in the general move to the drawing room.

"My child, you must sing us some of your pretty songs," says our hostess later on; and I sing as I never sang before.

The song I choose first is For Ever. It is received with a storm of applause; and then I sing, with all the passion of my young heart, Tosti's beautiful song, Good-bye; "and, when I have finished, I steal away quietly.

"Am I alive?" I ask. "I deserve to be dead! Aunt Jane was right—'Pride must have a fall.'"

. . . . . .

It is the day after my luckless expedition on horseback. I am lying on a luxurious sofa in Lady Whitestone's boudoir, having just had a polite passage-of-arms with Georgie Aherne. I am now resting peacefully, feeling stiff and sore all over, but otherwise not much the worse for my adventure; and, as I get unlimited petting, I am certainly not much to be pitied. The men behaved very well; not one word was uttered when our ride was alluded to—and I watched them closely. Presently the door opens gently and a dark head appears.

"May I come in, Miss Raymond?" a full rich voice murmurs, while the speaker, taking permission for granted, is already half way across the room.

Of course he may come in! Have I not been secretly watching and wishing for him all the morning? Have I not made this toilette especially for his benefit? He told me once that he liked women to be dressed in white or black—nothing else; and I now wear a spotless white robe, a large crimson rose at the throat being my sole adornment.

I am vexed that I cannot keep the tell-tale crimson from my cheeks. What will he think of me, blushing like an overgrown schoolgirl or shy *debutante*? However, he sits down upon a low chair at my side, and asks me very affectionately how I am.

"Very cross, thank you!" I say. "I have had three quarrels already this morning, and feel just ready for another."

"What a little vixen!" he exclaims, laughing. "And pray what has vexed your highness?"

"Everything," I rejoin, "but chiefly Georgie Aherne. I simply loathe that girl! Fancy her having the impertinence to tell me this morning that she would teach me how to ride! For Ever!"—and I hold my small nose high in the air at the memory of this last and crowning insult.

"Never mind her," he says soothingly; "she knows she can't sing it, and, what is worse, she knows you can."

I am delighted with this piece of flattery, and begin to feel happier and more amiable.

"Let us go out," I suggested—"I am tired of the house, we will go and gather some peaches."

He agrees gaily, and we step out through the low French window into the beautiful garden.

The Thirsty Tramp's Successful Expedient.

—*Judge.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Bee and Beaux.—See answer to Valerie."

Mike.—Writing that shows tenderness, tenacity of purpose, endurance, a deliberate mind, gentleness, contentment and a great caution.

Wenona.—Sixs Hastness, conscientiousness, reverence, artistic taste, enthusiasm, ideality. Almost the makings of a man, Wenona.!

Gemus.—Quiet, composure, decided, a little temperament, not enough tenacity, some originality, little intuition. Must wait your turn, Gussie.'

H. E. H.—1. Chicago. 2. 1,250,000. 3. Amiability, frankness, generosity, fondness for social intercourse, no ideality, tenacity and originality.

R. S. V. P.—Love of the arts and music—don't you sing?—decision, promptness, benevolence, affection, lack of ideality and want of perseverance.

Alabama.—Energy, perseverance, want of imagination, a very matter of fact person. Would be trustworthy and methodical, though a little inclined to self-will.

Peyton.—Colour, artistic taste, unselfishness, self-control, love of music, ideality. I opposible to answer you until your turn came. A hundred or so were ahead of you.

Hon.—Your letter only be answered in your turn. Writing shows impulse, determination, self-control, nervous force. I have known such writing inscribe "success" at the end of life's page.

Valerie.—Quotations are not studied. From your note accompanying them I glean: candor, sympathy, great affection, a large and ardent nature, not much lack, but cool temperament.

Amber.—Your writing is in much characteristic and pleasing. It shows good education and low mut, tenacity of purpose, an optimistic tendency, ideality, warmth of affection. You would make a rare friend, Amber. Conservatory, I place be glad to hear from you again. Letters from way off are always welcome.

Esperance.—You have not yet taken your bitters! Well, here is a dose. Your writing shows a difficult temper, irreverence, impulse, affection, and what is more than all other, an inclination to sneer at things generally. I have no doubt your former delineator found you also assaitive, perhaps also proud and sensitive. Is not this stuff and nonsense?

Franc.—You go beyond me, my dear Franc. Numbers of people complain of having round, even "flashy" faces, while their hotter brains thin to attenuation. The only thing to do is literally to "grin and bear it." There is absolutely no way to alter it. Laugh at it and be happy. Your writing shows a force of character and earnestness, good affection, honest, tenacity of purpose, nervous energy and intuition.

La Salle.—1. Persevering, a little quick-tempered, methodical, conscientious, great promise of success. 2. Is the name on the card, your name; is the conservatorium tea; can't under that the date and hour—4 to 6, or 4 to 7; to the left hand corner, your address. That is quite sufficient for a lilies' tea. When asking gentlemen I think I should substitute the words "At Home" for "Afternoon Tea." The latter phrase is very feminine.

Rosamond K.—1. The Primrose League is a Conservative association, formed by the women of England. It takes its name from the favorite flower of the late Lord Beaconsfield. Lady Randolph Churchill and several other ladies of title have been of great service to the Conservative party through the medium of the league. 2. A quick observation, a little temper, determination, no ideality, little imagination. I shou d call it a practical and commonsense character.

Sis.—If a young lady is paying visits with a friend, who is hostess, the young lady waiting in the drawing room gives the signal to rise. If her hostess is merely accompanying her to return visits the young lady leaves alone on the visit. 2. You do not request a character delineation, but as the person whose note you enclose says you intended doing so, I feel sure you overlooked it. Your writing shows self-reliance, candor, earnestness, hopefulness, quick observation and generosity. Are you a trifle self-opinionated?

I. F. J.—1 Writing shows truthfulness, amiability, indecision, prudence and affection. 2. A ribbon somewhat knitting basket, shape of a globe, to hold ball of wool or silk. A book of devotional or other reading, with detached leaves on which you might work texts. A little silver shoulder cape in these pretty accordion pleats of mauve and white. A pair of bedroom shoes. 3. Depends up to the number of guests. For about a score you might go to the trouble, but for more it would not be expected. 4. "Yours affectionately" is suffi tient, and dignified.

Prairie.—Your writing shows judgment, originality, generosity, caution, want of intuition and ideality. The writing of a good man, how did you come by it? The only betrayal of your feminine side is a slight nervous indecision. It is a very good hand indeed. Please find time to write again. I am particularly interested in your abode. Social spectacles show: 1. Ideality, sensitiveness, affection, intuition, perception, unselfishness. 2 Conscientiousness, amiability, singleness of purpose, want of originality, probably exact and careful in money matters and reserved in expression of feeling, and very persevering. 3 Impulse, want of imagination, thoroughness, frankness, originality, a little hardness and materialism, probably strong endurance and loyalty, a natural capable of sustaining a great strain. All four studies are full of suggestion and interest, particularly fi st and fourth.

Clever Boy!

Jack—I don't see why you girls shouldn't hustle around like the rest of us and do things for yourselves! You could save lots of money by making your own hats and gowns.

Laura—I'd just like to know what you do for yourself?

Jack—I? Why, I've been making my own cigarettes ever since the first of January!—*Life.*

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Worse Yet.

Hicks—How surprised Lot must have been when he found his wife was salt.

Bopee—No more than I was when I found mine was pepper.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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The Same Result.

Sheepskin—Shall you send your son to college?

Hardup—No, I cannot afford it, but I've bought him a cape overcoat.—*Puck.*

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A Bad Bargain.

The meanest man up to date is Sniffkins. He sold Jones a half interest in a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that Jones owned the front half.—*Tit Bits.*

Sarah Bernhardt as Theodora.

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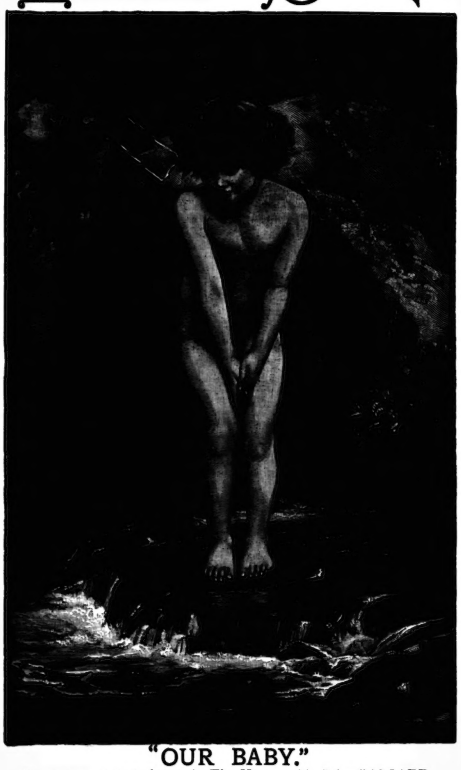

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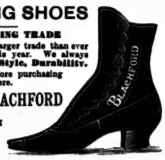

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Ladies' Shoes in All the Newest Styles
Pickes' Shoe Parlor, 328 Yonge Street

Spring Goods
TO HAND
Winter Goods
Closing Out at Close Cost Prices
Boots Shoes Rubbers
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246 Yonge St.

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Deposits received, large and small sums. Interest at current rates allowed.
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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 679.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS
ON
March 26, 27 and 28
RETURN TICKETS
Will be sold between all stations
EAST OF PORT ARTHUR
Also Points on Intercolonial Railway
At One and One-Third Fare
Good to Return until March 31, 1891.
SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS
Will be issued Round Trip Tickets upon presentation of Certificate from Principal at above rate, from March 13 to 27, to return until April 20, 1891.

White Enamel Letters
FOR WINDOWS
Caesar Bros.' Patent.
The most conspicuous and durable letter in the market. Not affected by light and frost.
Canadian White Enamel Sign Co.
4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto
Agents wanted in every City and Town in Dominion.

SPRING, 1891
New Spring Overcoatings, handsome assortment of Trouserings, Scotch and Irish Tweed Suitings, English and Fancy Worsted Suitings, Plain and Fancy Cheviot Suitings, Latest Styles of Fancy Vesting, and a full assortment of Plain and Staple Goods just to hand.
For the Latest Styles call on
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The Leading King Street Tailor, 108 King Street West, Toronto

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

Vouched for Proverbially.

"I'm a Hill, sir! One of the oldest families in the county."

"I never heard of the Hill family being among those of ancient lineage."

"What! never heard of the proverb, 'As old as the Hills!'"

Our Lilian Abroad.

He (St. George street)—What, you've been here in Rome a fortnight and haven't been to the Sistine Chapel yet?

She (Jarvis street)—No.

He—Care to go?

She—Yes, if it's high church. Who's the rector, anyhow?

Juanita.

Perhaps the maiden who is depicted on page one is the same maiden who of yore used to be adjured by young ladies to ask her soul "if we should part." In her full ripe beauty, she is such a maiden as Lord Byron delighted to sing of; a daughter of the South. Such a maiden as he had in his mind when he wrote:

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava-flood
That boils in Etna's breast of flame."

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Several small card parties have been given lately and appear to be a favorite source of amusement.

Miss Symonds spent a few days in Toronto at Easter with relatives.

Miss Edith Pepler is again the guest of Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler.

Miss F. Henderson and Miss Bay Dyment have been home from Toronto for Easter vacation.

A very pleasant juvenile party was given one evening last week by Mrs. Rogerson for her younger daughters.

Dr. A. Ardagh of Orillia was in town recently.

A few in Barrie received invitations for the Coburg assembly, which took place on the 9th of this month.

Miss K. McCarthy has been visiting relatives in Toronto.

On Friday, April 3, Mrs. J. H. McKeggie of Inglenook gave a delightful evening in honor of her guest, Miss Lobb of Toronto. Dancing was participated in until the small hours, and all present appeared to have a most enjoyable time. Among those who availed themselves of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. McKeggie, were Miss Reiner, Mr. Chapman, Dr. W. A. Ross, the Misses Mason, Mr. A. Boys, Miss Schreiber, Mr. Esten, Mr. W. Spry, Mr. F. Hewson, Mr. T. Boys, the Misses Henderson, Mr. P. Kortright, Messrs. A. and H. Giles, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. F. and Miss K. Stevenson, Dr. Arnall, Mr. F. Norman, Mr. V. Meeking and others.

Mr. P. Parker returned to the city this week after spending Easter vacation at home.

OCULAIRE.

Mr. Elson's Lecture.

On Tuesday evening, April 21, Mr. Louis C. Elson of Boston will give his illustrated musical lecture, The History of German Music. Admission is by invitation only. This will be an interesting event to musical Torontonians.

Mr. Hector Cameron, Q.C., will shortly leave the city for three years of travel. The whole of his elegant household furniture and bric-a-brac will be sold by John McFarlane & Co., on Wednesday, April 15, at his residence, No. 2 Queen's Park.

On Wednesday, April 15, the Young Ladies' Drill Corps will give a concert in the Pavilion, introducing military tableaux. Good local talent has been secured for the event. Plan at Nordheimer's.

Waltz from the comic opera Poor Jonathan. —Whaley, Royce & Co.

Grand Opera House

Thursday and Friday, April 23 and 24

Gilbert & Sullivan's Favorite Spectacular Opera

IOLANTHE

BY THE

Toronto Harmony Club

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE ROYAL GRENADIERS

Chorus of Fifty Selected Voices, with the following cast of soloists:

Phyllis ..... Miss Maud Gilmour
Queen of the Fairies ..... Mrs. Frank Mackelcan
Iolanthe ..... Miss Lash
Celia ..... Mrs. Bignell
Leila ..... Mrs. James Crowther
Fleta ..... Miss Sybil Seymour
The Lord Chancellor ..... Mr. A. H. Bell
Earl of Mount Ararat ..... Mr. J. A. Macdonald
Earl Tolloller ..... Mr. T. C. Reddoc
Private Willis ..... Capt. Manly
Strephon ..... Mr. J. F. Kirk

Musical Director ..... Mr. E. W. Schuch
Stage Manager ..... Mr. A. H. Bell

TICKETS, 25 CTS., 50 CTS., 75 CTS. AND $1.00

Plan for subscribers will open at Nordheimers', April 16

Military Concert

TABLEAUX, ETC.

IN AID OF

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH

Pavilion, Wednesday, April 15

BY THE

TORONTO YOUNG LADIES' DRILL CORPS

Miss E. Patterson, Soprano, Miss M. E. Gaylord, Soprano, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Tenor, Mr. J. F. Toomson, Baritone, Mr. G. P. Kelsey, Elocutionist, Mr. August Andersen, Solo Violinist, Mr. Arthur Depew, Accompanist.

Admission 50c. and 25c. Plan at Nordheimers.

TRAVEL — A LADY EXPERIENCED in travel will conduct through Europe during the summer a small party of young people or ladies. References exchanged. Address X. J. A., Box 81, Boston, Mass; or 558 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

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Medallist Academy of Music, London, Eng., will receive a limited number of pupils. Open for concert, oratorio, church and other engagements. 59 Charles St.

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$5000 IN PRIZES to those who make the greatest number of words from the letters in the two words "CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST" 3839 prizes, ranging from $5 to $1000 in gold. Open until May 29, 1891 (15 days allowed after May 29 for letters to reach us from distant points) Send stamp for full particulars. Address: CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST, Peterborough, Ont., Canada.

McKENDRY'S NEW STORE

We'll have a corner in "Saturday Night" every week to let the ladies of Toronto know how the Dry Goods world moves along.

It may seem to some readers of this paper that the correct thing in Dry Goods and Silks is only to be had on King Street. One visit to convince you that not only are the very latest styles represented here, but the prices for some are very little over half what is usually charged. Our

BARGAIN DAY

is Monday. That's a good day to come if you don't mind a tremendous crowd. Look over "The News" to-day and see the column of Bargains we offer for Monday. It will pay you well. We just mention:

Ladies' Jackets, 99c. and $1.19.

Ladies' Jackets, worth $5 to $9, for $3 50.

Doors don't open till 10 o'clock Monday morning, and we close at 6 p.m. sharp.

String band Monday afternoon.

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto

Elsie and Pansy Books, beautiful cloth bound London edition, 19c a volume. An abridged Webster Dictionary, 32,000 words, 14c. See our Book Department. A splendid assortment best makes Rubber Balls, 3c up to 19c, worth 5c to 30c. A new arrival, newest patterns of plain and fancy Hair Pins and Back Combs in rubber and shell to be found, from 10c per doz. up. Our splendid line of Oil Shades and Blinds, of best quality made, furnished with the Hartshorn Self-Acting Spring Roller and Pull at 59c each, worth $1. SELL, and buyers are happy. Newest designs and a great supply to select from of Ladies and Gent's fine Purses at half the usual cost. Catalogue and price list sent free on application W. H. BENTLEY

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Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets

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Kingston, Ont. — And other cities.

Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. Georges Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

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With every dozen of our Cabinets I make a large size Crayon Picture of yourself. Satisfactory expression and artistic pose are some of the features of my work.

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CAPTIVATING

The Beautiful Dress Silks on sale at the Bon Marche for this week are unquestionably the greatest values ever shown.

Our inflexible purpose is first, last and always the best goods at lowest wholesale prices, and with this end in view we have just purchased in bond four lots of Pure Silk Dress Materials, which will be sold at prices that seem incredible and bewildering.

THE FIRST LOT IS:
A Pure Silk Surah in 24 Beautiful Shades at - - - 25c, worth 50c

THE SECOND LOT IS:
A Pure China Silk in 27 New Art Shades at - - - 25c, worth 40c

THE THIRD LOT IS:
A pure Silk Merveilleaux, Soft and Beautiful, at - - 39c, worth 75c

and the fourth comprises a faultless and attractive assortment of Faille Francaise, Tricotines, Gros Grains, Royal Armures, Luxors and the NEW MATERIAL PONGOR, which is positively beautiful beyond description, and must be seen to be justly estimated.

It is refreshing to note that ladies purchasing Silk Dresses have no difficulty at the Bon Marche in getting Gloves to match. Our assortment is colossal, and our prices are enticing, for instance:

A 4-Button Kid Glove, Evening Shades - - - 25c, worth 75c
A 4-Button French Kid, Black and Colored - - - 50c, worth 75c

and a host of other inducements in this department, which space will not permit us to enumerate.

THE BON MARCHE - 7 & 9 KING STREET EAST

NOTE—Mr. Cousineau has been in Montreal since last Tuesday attending the sale of McLachlan Bros.' Wholesale Bankrupt stock. He has purchased largely, and the ladies of Toronto may look for sensational bargains in a few days.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS

N. ROONEY

Having decided to retire from the dry goods business, now offers his

LARGE WHOLESALE STOCK

FOR SALE BY RETAIL

The stock comprises

Table Linens, Tablecloths, Napkins, Towellings, Towels, Plain and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Lace Curtains, White and Embroidered Quilts, Black Silks, Black Cashmeres, Black Crapes, Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Pillow Cottons, Etc., Etc.

Will be sold off in small lots by

RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES

Such an opportunity of buying really First-Class Goods at LOW PRICES seldom occurs. The goods are all new and fresh, being this season's importation from the best European manufacturers.

N. ROONEY - - 62 Yonge Street

THE APEX OF Musical Art Manufacture IS THE

MASON & RISCH

= PIANO =

Webster defines the word Apex as the tip point or summit of anything, and it is universally acknowledged that

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO

Forms the apex and crowning point of the Musical Pyramid of Canadian Manufacture.

We claim to have rescued the Canadian piano from reproach, and by skill and perseverance to have made an instrument

THE ADMIRATION OF MUSICIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE BROAD BASE OF MERIT

Upon which the reputation of our Piano rests consists of their unsurpassed

BEAUTY OF TONE | ELASTICITY OF TOUCH | CHASTE ELEGANCE OF DESIGN | EXTRAORDINARY DURABILITY

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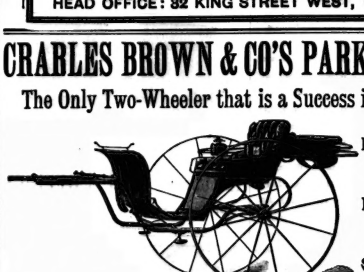
The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



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No. 16 King Street East

A HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE CATALOGUE AUCTION SALE OF ELEGANT AND COSTLY

Household Furniture

COMPRISING

Cabinet Grand Pianoforte

7½ octave, extra fancy exhibition case in ebony and gold, by A. & S. Nordheimer.

Drawing-room, Dining-room, Library, Hall and Staircase Fittings, A number of large Bedrooms, Kitchens, Servant's Rooms, &c.

Will take place at the residence of

Hector Cameron, Esq., Q.C., at No. 2 Queen's Park

ON

Thursday, April 16

AT 11 A.M.

N.B.—The furniture is very high class, and comprises a number of elegant articles in Chippendale, and was mostly made to special order and design.

SALE AT 11 O'CLOCK

On view on Wednesday, April 15, from 1 till 5.30.

Catalogues at our office, 16 King St. East, on Tuesday.

JNO. M. McFARLANE & CO.
AUCTIONEERS.

Grand's Repository

HORSE SHOW

IN AID OF THE

Children's Fresh Air Fund

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY, APRIL 11

IN

Shaw Street Rink

(Opposite the Asylum, Queen Street West).

Two hundred of Canada's choicest horses on exhibition. A magnificent collection of trained four-in-hands and tandems. Also high stepping carriage pairs, dog cart horses and hackney cobs will be driven in harness by Toronto gentlemen. Light and heavy weight hunters and saddle horses will be shown under saddle and over hurdles. Mr. Grand offers a prize of $50 for the best performance of professional coachman (in livery) driving a pair or horses in the ring. First prize, $25; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10. Mr. Grand will supply the horses and carriages. Doors will open—Afternoon at 1 o'clock, evening at 7.

Tickets 25c. and 50c. Children Half Price

Come and bring the children.

THE GREAT ANNUAL SPRING SALE

WILL TAKE PLACE

April 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18

AT

THE RINK

AND NOT AT THE REPOSITORY

As in former years. The first three days will be confined exclusively to the sale of high class harness and saddle horses, and a valuable consignment of imported English registered hackney mares and stallions. On the last two days 150 HEAVY DRAUGHT and general purpose mares, geldings and stallions will be sold.

Sale will commence prompt each day at 10.15.

W. D. GRAND.

H.S. Morison & Co.

216 AND 218 YONGE STREET

HAVE PREPARED

1500 SPRING JACKETS

In several lots from $2.75 upwards to $5.00 each, worth double this price and more.
Ladies desirous of getting real bargains should not fail to inspect them, and will doubtless be suited.
We also wish to draw attention to our excellent assortment of

SILKS, DRESS GOODS, &c.

Among which we are showing an All-Wool Tweed in the most fashionable colors and designs at only 50 cents per yard, double width.

DRESSMAKING OUR SPECIALTY

H. S. MORISON & CO.

216 and 218 Yonge Street.

NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS

15 Cases Now to Hand

PLAIN AND FANCY TWEEDS

In Checks, Polka Dots, Cheviots and Snowflakes, at 70c, 75c, 90c, $1.15, $1 25

44 INCH VIGOREAN SUITINGS

Newest Shades of Fawns and Grays at 60c and 75c; Extra Wide, $1.50

The Largest and Most Elegant Display of Fine French Delaines

In the city, 35c and 45c. All newest shades in SILK VELVETS AND VELVETEENS.
The latest Foreign Novelties in Black and Mourning Dress Goods.
Styles shown only by ourselves.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East - - 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. Broughton of Eastwood and Mrs. Jack Ambrose of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. Frederick Gates of Bay street south.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Alan of Brockville, who have been spending the winter here with Mr. and Mrs. Travers, left for their home last Thursday.

Mr. Hamilton of Brockville has been moved from the Bank of Montreal in that place to the branch here.

Mr. and Mrs. Brydon Osborne and family have moved to New York, where they will reside in future.

Miss Thorburn of Toronto is the guest of Miss Robertson of John street south.

Mrs. Hendrie gave a delightful children's party last Friday evening, all the young people having thoroughly enjoyed it.

Miss Ethel and Master Warren White of Toronto are the guests of Mrs. James White of Cannon street.

Miss Tina Hendrie, Mr. William Hendrie, jr., and Mr. Harrey attended the Yacht Club ball in Detroit last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stinson returned last Saturday from Nassau much benefited by their delightful trip.

Mr. D. Ricketts left on Monday for the North-West Mounted Police, in which he has enlisted for a few years.

A new feature in the cooking classes that have been given by the Y. W. C. T. Union was introduced on Monday, when Miss Hendrie gave a charming lesson in setting a table for a dinner party. This young lady described everything very minutely and answered the many questions of her listeners. On Monday next Mrs. Frank Mackelcan will give a lesson on luncheons.

A large and fashionable audience presented itself at the Grand Opera House on Monday and Tuesday evenings when Henry E. Dixey made his appearance in The Seven Ages. The play is very good. Mr. Dixey shows himself to great advantage in all parts. Among the audiences were: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, the Misses Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. Lottridge, Miss Grant, Miss Lottridge, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Parker, Miss Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. James Mills, Mr. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Counsell, Miss McGiverin, the Misses Hobson, Mr. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hendrie, Miss Dunlop, Mr. Gausby, Mr. Burns, Mr. Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and many others.

Miss Yates of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. Bunbury of Herkimer street.

The first wedding of this spring took place on Tuesday afternoon at Christ Church Cathedral, the contracting parties being Miss Mabel Frances Hamilton and Mr. Edward Kirwan Counsell Martin. The hour appointed for the ceremony was four o'clock, and long ere that time the streets and steps of the church were crowded with spectators, and inside there was standing room only. The guests looked very smart in their spring adornments. Among the many beautiful costumes worn were Mrs. Tidswell, pale green silk and gold, with bonnet of flowers; Miss Young, fawn silk, with pink flower bonnet; Miss Gaviller, green challie with satin; Mrs. William Hendrie, a beautiful costume of pearl gray and yellow, with bonnet to match, bouquet of daffodils; Mrs. Stinson, black and white silk, with bouquet of mignonette; Mrs. Sutherland, green cloth, with bonnet to match; Mrs. Ridley, black lace; Miss M. Ridley, sage green satin and flower hat; Mrs. P. D. Crerar, black velvet and large black hat with feathers; Miss Bruce, biscuit colored silk and pink silk, with pink roses; Miss Watson, gray and blue cloth; Mrs. Warren Barton, black velvet and gold; Miss Stiff, cream silk and cashmere, with large white hat; Mrs. George Thomson, vieux rose silk; Mrs. Bankler, pale gray, with pink roses; Mrs. Stuart, amethyst velvet, with bouquet of daffodils; Mrs. J. J. Stuart, sapphire blue cloth, with vulture boa; Mrs. Bland, mauve silk, with black lace; Mrs. Baldwin, white satin, with large white hat; Miss Yates, gray, with pink. After the last guests had arrived, the bride entered the church accompanied by her brother. Mr. Charles Hamilton. She wore white satin brocade, with orange blossoms and veil caught up with diamond spray, the gift of the groom's mother. The choristers walked up the aisle in front of the bridal procession. The bridesmaids were Miss Lily Hamilton, Miss Ethel Hamilton and Miss Amy Martin, and Miss Mary Hamilton acted as maid of honor. They wore costumes of white henrietta cloth and lace hats. The groom's gift to the bridesmaids were gold pins with H. M. on them in pearls. The bride's mother wore black velvet and bonnet of mauve. The groom's mother wore gray-blue brocade, with pink flowers. After the ceremony the guests were entertained by the Lord Bishop of Niagara and Mrs. Hamilton, at their residence on Hughson street. The bride and groom left on the 6.40 train amid showers of rice and shoes.

Mrs. and Miss Gaviller arrived home on Monday morning from Old Point Comfort, where they have been spending a few weeks.

Miss Stanton of Cobourg is the guest of Mrs. Bunbury of Herkimer street.

Miss Sinclair is visiting friends in Guelph.

SYLVIA.

Wholesale Dry Goods at Retail.

Mr. N. Rooney, wholesale dry goods merchant, has decided to retire from business, and is now offering his stock for sale by retail. The stock, which is all new and this season's importation, consists of fine table linens—the finest that has ever been brought into Canada—over two thousand dozen table napkins, over five thousand pairs of Belgium and Swiss lace curtains, all of them really handsome patterns. Quilts, very fine stock in great variety. Towels, bath towels and bath sheets without number. English cotton sheetings, excellent value, together with a vast number of other staple articles in the dry goods line.

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FLORAL
Bingham's
PERFUMES
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BALLS—At Toronto, on April 7, Mrs. A. Balls—a son.
EDWARDS—At Sarnia, on April 2, Mrs. E. H. Edwards—a son.
FAIRBAIRN—At Toronto, on March 29, Mrs. J. K. Fairbairn—a daughter.
DAFOE—At Madoc, on March 26, Mrs. W. A. Dafoe—a daughter.
GEDDES—At Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 26, Mrs. Thomas Geddes—a son.
GRAFTON—At Toronto, on April 4, Mrs. C. Stewart Grafton—a son.
LUGSDIN—At Toronto, on April 2, Mrs W. J. Lugsdin—a daughter.
McKIM—At Toronto, on March 25, Mrs. Robert P. McKim—a daughter.
SCOUGALL—At Kincardine, on April 3, Mrs. J. H. Scougall—a daughter.
WOODRUFF—At St. Catharines, on April 2, Mrs. Alfred S. Woodruff—a daughter.
KEATES—At Toronto, on April 4, Mrs. William Keates—a son.
MUTCH—At Toronto, on April 6, Mrs. John Mutch—a son.
McNAIR—At Toronto, on April 5, Mrs. D. C. McNair—a son.
BAER—At Nanaimo, B.C., on March 25, Mrs. W. W. Baer—a son.
COOK—At Toronto, on March 27, Mrs. John J. Cook—a daughter.
FIDLER—At Toronto, on March 31, Mrs. W. M. Fidler—a daughter.
McCULLOCH—At Toronto, on April 3, Mrs. William McCulloch—a daughter.
HOPPE—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. Wm. George Hoppe—a son.

Marriages.

McLARIN—McBEAN—At Toronto, on March 31, W. H. McLarin of Highgate, Ont., to Tilley McBean.
MOODY—RAULINGS—At Ravenswood, on March 27, James Moody to Madeline E. Raulings.
WATSON—NEWLOVE—At Mackville, on March 31, John Watson to Harriet A. Newlove.
CASE-WALKER—SOUTHEY—At Toronto, on March 6, Capt. H. Ashton Case-Walker to Alice Marston Sothey.
LAWSON—GREEN—At Innerkip, on April 2, William Ramage Lawson of London, Eng., to Eva Maria Isabel Green.
McLEAN—VERCOE—At Vancouver, B.C., on March 4, Archibald McLean of New Westminster and Toronto to Gertrude Catherine Vercoe of Toronto and Seaforth.
COULTER—EAST—At Pembroke on April 1, W. Patterson Coulter to Bella East.
ROWLANDS—STEVENSON—At Quebec, on March 30, John Rowlands of Aberdeen, N.C., to Catharine Stewart.

Deaths.

LAWRENCE—At Toronto, on April 2, Mrs. Francis Lawrence, aged 72 years.
SIMPSON—At Barrie, on April 2, Robert Simpson, aged 74 years.
BURNESS—At Toronto, on April 5, Annie Burness, aged 61 years.
CARSON—At Cobourg, on March 31, Thomas Barrie Carson, aged 23 years.
DUNCAN—At Emery, on April 5, William Duncan, aged 56 years.
GRIER—At Chicago, Ill., April 4, John Allan Grier.
HENRY—At Bowmanville, on April 4, Mrs. Margaret Henry, aged 73 years.
WELSH—At Weston, on April 4, Sarah Ann Welsh, aged 75 years.
COLTER—At Toronto, on March 31, George Joseph Colter.
DAVIS—At Davisville, on March 29, John Davis, J.P., aged 69 years.
GRAY—At Riverside, Mont., on March 29, Harry H. Gray, M.D., aged 26 years.
NESS—At Toronto, on March 31, Mrs. A. Ness, aged 24 years.
McTAGGART—At Clinton, Ont., on April 5, Malcolm McTaggart, aged 71 years.
LOCKHART-GORDON—At Folkestone, Eng'nd, on April 6, Mrs. Sarah Lockhart-Gordon.
KING—At Dundas, on March 31, Alonzo King, aged 76 years.
TENNANT—At Toronto, on April 2, Maggie Winnifred Tennant, aged 7 years.
DONLEY—At Toronto, on April 2, Mrs. Maria Donley, aged 31 years.
DENISON—At Toronto, on April 2, Katie May Denison, aged 2 years.
BRASIER—At Cobourg, on March 29, Mrs. Jane Brasier, aged 50 years.
O'ROURKE—At Toronto, on April 5, Honora Anne O'Rourke, aged 1 year.
WADSWORTH—At Toronto, on April 2, James Wadsworth, aged 24 years.

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT
The Toronto Steam Renovating and Carpet Cleaning Establishment
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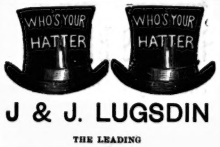

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